English Pastorals

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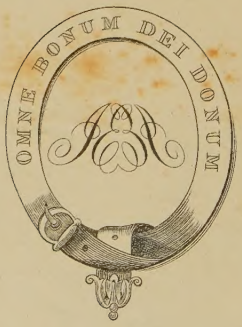

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ENGLISH PASTORALS

SELECTED AND WITH
AN INTRODUCTION BY
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There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating outcry craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.—SIDNEY: *Description of Arcadia.*

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The present volume is the first of a series of literary "Guide-books", which will, it is hoped, prove serviceable to the student and not distasteful to the lover of letters. Each volume will be devoted to the history of some single literary growth, bringing together representative illustrations of it in sufficient quantity to enable the reader to follow, at first hand, all its important phases. A critical introduction will sketch the story which the specimens illustrate, supply some of the intervening detail, chronicle the faint beginnings, and record where needful the undistinguished decay. In this way it is hoped, among other things, to facilitate that comparative study of literature which is one of the secrets of critical wisdom and one of the springs of critical delight. The long procession of singing shepherds which meanders, joyous or wailful, through the pages of the present volume, sounds almost every note of English pastoral song. They are a picturesque throng enough; yet there is little of sharp and palpable contrast among them, but rather a mellowed harmony of kindred tones; for, in Pastoralism, literary tradition penetrates everywhere, like an atmosphere, softening the asperities of innovation and touching the contours, even of work fashioned by a Shakespeare or a Milton, with a halo of allusion and reminiscence. It is just in such a region of quiet and faded hues as this that most is gained by assembling the nuances in a single picture,—by making the scattered kinsfolk neighbours. Perdita, with her marjoram and marigold, comes to meet

Herrick's Mayday Corinna, adding her arch reproof, maybe, to the poet's chiding of that "sweet slug-a-bed". Robin and Makin illustrate with their homely give and take one of the sources of that form of pastoral occupation which culminates in more gracious "sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neaera's hair". The curiously tentative and hesitant note of Spenser's *Calender*,—the first great experiment of English Pastoralism,—is best appreciated by confronting his Colins and Cuddies with the blithe west-country rustics of his devoted but original disciple Drayton, or with the thrice-refined Hellenic Lycidas of a yet greater follower.

Not every literary growth lends itself, it is true, so evidently as Pastoralism to the purposes of a summary survey such as is attempted in the present volume. Not all have so definite a beginning, so clearly marked and seemingly irrevocable an end. Pastoralism can now be reviewed as a whole from a distance sufficient to allow of all its parts falling into due proportion. If the "Eclogue", its favourite form, still shows vitality, it is only by creating a quite new type of the singing shepherd, —the shepherd of Fleet Street, not of Sussex or Arcady, whose tales are cut short, not by the gloaming or the storm, but by the midnight boom of Paul's. The "Masque" (to which a later volume will be devoted) is even more clearly the product of an epoch, and had a still more compact history. For it achieved greatness quite suddenly at the outset of the seventeenth century, and perished of sheer inanition a generation later when the Court left Whitehall for the field, scarcely surviving that great master of the robust and masculine, to whose culture, paradoxically enough, almost all its rare and delicate beauty was due. Other branches of literary art, again, such as the "Essays" and "Letters", to which succeeding volumes will be devoted, have evidently a

more fluctuating history; their literary aspects are more involved with others not literary; or their salient examples are remote, detached, apparently unrelated. But these very qualities open new sources of interest and value. It is a paradox, but true, that a Letter, for instance, can hardly have the highest value as literature if its interest is solely literary; to be spoken from heart to heart, to deal with real issues and definite facts, is the very stuff of its being; in seeking to be more than this, it is apt to become less. The editors of the present series will give full scope to these more obviously human and social aspects of literature; while still making it their immediate aim to trace the fortune in our literature of one or other of those forms of literary speech in which the instinct of beauty has found apt and memorable expression.

C. H. HERFORD.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Pastoral has fallen to a tarnished name, even amongst many who genuinely love their poets. It stands for something faded and fantastic; *hesterna rosa*, or rather, a rose which must even yesterday have been a scentless thing, a florist's flower. And yet this little instrument has discoursed most eloquent music; princes have breathed upon it in the palmy days of English song; ladies and scholars, a court and a people, have attuned their ears to the strains of its sweet piping. Now it lies broken and mute. King Pandion is dead;

> "And Phillida the Fair has lost
> The comfort of her favour".

'A frigid pastoral': in quite other sense than the 'cold pastoral' of Keats, the phrase has become a commonplace of ready criticism.

It is easy enough, in the light of literary history, to understand this ill repute of Arcadia. The eighteenth century made the pastoral ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous. Ridiculous, when Corydon, in ruffles and knee-breeches, piped it to a Phillis with patched cheeks and a ribbon on her crook; worse than ridiculous, when Marie Antoinette played the shepherdess in the gardens of Trianon, while the real peasants were dying upon their

nettle-broth outside. Our great-grandfathers put away many conventions, both in life and art, with their full-bottomed wigs. Even of poetry they demanded a greater naturalism, a closer fidelity to the observed truth. When Crabbe was narrating the simple facts of the cottager's life, when Wordsworth was finding deep lessons of spiritual encouragement and consolation in the austere homes of Cumbrian dalesmen, there was no longer any room for the old conception of the singing shepherd. The 'swink'd hedger' ceased to be a mere element in the landscape; he became a human being, to be known and understood; a problem, not a plaything.

However, all this *was* in our great-grandfathers' days; and perhaps now, without injustice to the new spirit which they brought into literature, a spirit which has indeed recreated literature for us, we may be allowed to revise their somewhat impulsive condemnation. Indeed, whatever we may think of the eighteenth century—and it would be as wise to draw an indictment against a whole nation as against a whole century—it has not much to do with pastoral poetry. That had had its beginnings and its triumphs, its honourable career had ended in a peaceful grave, long before Pope plumed himself as the sole inheritor of the mantle of Spenser. The impudence, the ignorance of that boast! To annihilate the sweetest rhythms of Fletcher and Jonson and Milton; to blot out of the book of song, with one pedantic word, the names, the golden names, of Breton and Greene, of Drayton and Browne, of Herrick and Wither! One supposes that for Pope,

steeped in his lore of Virgil and Theocritus, the pastoral meant only the formal eclogue. Untouched by the spirit of the thing, he never thought how the full stream of bucolic poetry had overleaped those narrow banks, to make vocal with its murmuring the lyric meads and the tangled woods of comedy.

Rightly to judge of the pastoral impulse in English verse we must look not to the eighteenth century, and not to the nineteenth, but strictly to the period between the coming of Elizabeth and that inauspicious moment, nearly a hundred years later, when Puritanism for a while snuffed out literature. Outside the drama, with only the fringes of which we are concerned, the poetry, and in a measure the prose, of that hundred years, is the outcome of two distinct and partly-opposed waves of tendency. One does not like the expression, 'a school of poetry'; but it is difficult to dissociate the tendencies or tempers in question from the influence of two representative and dominant personalities, those of Spenser the musical, and of Donne the imaginative. On the one hand there is a body of poetry, transparent, sensuous, melodious, dealing with all the fresh and simple elements of life, fond of the picture and the story, rejoicing in love and youth, in the morning and the spring; on the other, a more complex note, a deeper thrill of passion, an affection for the sombre, the obscure, the intricate, alike in rhythm and in thought, a verse frequent with reflections on birth and death, and their philosophies, a humour often cynical or pessimistic, always making its appeal rather to the intellect than to the senses. The manner of Spenser

and the manner of Donne, the Elizabethan style and the Jacobean, if you will; the two have to be carefully distinguished in any adequate treatment of the age. Yet either nomenclature is misleading; we have not to deal with two rival masters and two coteries of imitators, nor with two styles, whereof one at some moment of crisis or upheaval succeeded and replaced the other, as, for instance, the literature of the romantic revival succeeded and replaced the literature of the age of Pope. Rather we have to deal with two habits of thinking and writing, which belong to different and alternating tendencies in the one full life of a complex age, but which, throughout that age, co-existed and interpenetrated each other in a hundred ways. Certainly Spenser and Donne are the typical exponents of their respective groups; certainly the personal influence of either would be hard to overestimate; certainly the poetry of melody began earlier than the poetry of imagination; for in national as in individual life, the simple invariably comes before the complex, feeling precedes thought; but though the one temper grows and the other diminishes, still to the last they appear side by side, often directing in this mood and in that the harmonies of the same pen.

There can be no question that pastoral poetry is the proper province of those writers whom we have associated with the name of Spenser. Amongst them alone it reaches its complete and characteristic development. Donne and his fellows write pastorals, but the shepherd's smock sits awkwardly upon them. They twist the bucolic theme and imagery

to the expression of alien emotions and alien ideas. The convention becomes too obvious. It is the philosopher in the hay-field; the hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob. But to the Spenserian manner, with its simple attitudes and ideals, its simple delight in natural and spiritual beauty, the pastoral lends itself admirably. Even before Spenser wrote, a charming example had already appeared in *Tottel's Miscellany*. In the interval Barclay and Googe had produced their stiff imitations of Virgil and Mantuan. But when *The Shepheard's Calender* was born, the breath of genius inspired the old forms with a Chaucerian freshness and a new melody. And from this moment the popularity of the pastoral was assured. It became the normal mode alike for panegyric and erotic verse. A shepherd stood as the well understood symbol for a lover or a poet. A Spenser, a Sidney, had each his recognized poetic alias in Colin or Cuddie, Elphin or Philisides. Every branch of literature, lyric and sonnet, elegy and romance, comedy and masque, bears its marks of the prevailing fashion. The rich contents of the great miscellanies, above all, those of the *England's Helicon* of 1600, are but garlands woven from the finest blossoms of bucolic song.

It was Spenser, then, who first made the pastoral a thing of significance for English writers; but he was by no means the creator of it as a literary species. We cannot claim here, as we can with a proper pride in the case of the contemporary romantic drama, to be dealing with an essentially national growth. The pastoral was an exotic,

although an exotic which took kindly to English soil, and put forth fair flowers in English gardens. Moreover, it was an exotic which had been cultivated in Italy, and to a less degree in France, long before it reached our shores. The earliest vernacular Italian pastorals were written in the fifteenth century; by the beginning of the sixteenth they were already innumerable, and they continued in astonishing profusion for at least another hundred years.[1] In France the notable work of Clément Marot was produced between 1525 and 1544. It is not perhaps necessary to go very closely into the exact amount of the debt which our English bucolic writers owe to their continental predecessors. After all allowance has been made for the similarities which a recourse to common models would naturally bring about, it must still be very considerable. It is more to the purpose to point out that the whole of the pastoral literature of the Renascence, whether in Italy, France, or England, was created out of elements gathered from the past, and to try to state briefly what those elements were.

By far the most important was, of course, the *carmen bucolicum* or eclogue of classical antiquity.[2] From the beginning, it would appear, the Aryan shepherds who dwelt in the pastoral districts of Greece shared in some humble measure the gift of

[1] A large number are collected by G. Ferrario, in *Poesie Pastorali et Rusticali* (Classici Italiani. Milano, 1808). See also J. A. Symonds, *History of the Italian Renaissance.*

[2] For a fuller discussion of the classical eclogue, see Patin, "Sur l'églogue Latin" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Tom. xv. 1838, pp. 234, 382); J. A. Symonds, *Studies in the Greek Poets, First Series.*

song which became such a wonderful thing amongst their more highly favoured kinsmen of Attica. Even to-day the folk-song of those regions is full of delicate fancies and honeyed cadences which are unfamiliar to the peasantry of other lands.[1] The most complete development of this native popular poetry was reached by that branch of the nation which had migrated across the sea to the sunny shores of Sicily. There was the ideal country for the shepherd life; no chill turnip-fields or desolate downs, such as are our English pastures, but patches of rich meadow hollowed in the hills, with an outlook over the blue and laughing Mediterranean; cool caves overgrown with tangles of tendrilled vine; soft beds of yellow cytisus and fragrant violet; clear springs bubbling up among tufts of myrtle and narcissus. There the cicala chirped at noonday, and the languid brown-limbed men and maidens kept watch over their little flocks of oxen or sheep or goats monotonously from dawn to eve. A land of immanent haunting deities; Artemis with the glimmer of white nakedness among the olives; Pan shaggy and jovial, all the lust and the trepidation of earth in his riotous gait; Daphnis, the very indwelling spirit of the spring, the nympholept who in the dog-days flung himself from a jutting headland to drown his sorrows in the cool wave beneath.[2] At the yearly festivals of these

[1] See C. Fauriel, *Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne* (1825); Lucy Garnett, *Folk-song of Modern Greece*; and some remarks on the character of this poetry in the introduction to Mr. Lang's translation of Theocritus.

[2] On the myth of Daphnis, and his significance as the spirit of vegetation, see Frazer, *The Golden Bough.*

deities the shepherds gathered themselves together to make merry, and here the *carmen amoebaeum*, the characteristic form of Sicilian song, came into being. Rivalling each other in alternate stanzas, the young men extemporized chant after chant, now filled with rough but good-humoured satire, now telling sweetly the old legends of the country-side, or of rustic love-making, or the simple incidents of the pastoral life. Stesichorus of Himera, we are told, was the first, some six centuries before Christ, to give literary expression to this popular song. But the *Daphnis* of Stesichorus is lost to us, and for practical purposes the creator of the pastoral as a deliberate literary form is the Alexandrine Theocritus. Upon Theocritus, a lover of the country, trapped in the bustling decadent city and court life of Ptolemaic Egypt, those bucolic rhythms, remembered so well from his childhood, had all the fascination which the simple exercises over the complex, a fascination wrought out of contrast and reminiscence. He wove them into poems of a delicate artificiality, preserving the main outlines of the actual life from which they sprang, but emphasizing all the comely elements therein, and rendering them with a keener sense of natural beauty, a more subtle music of the Doric speech, than ever yet glorified any oaten pipe at any festival of Artemis. Certain traditional forms Theocritus fixed upon the pastoral for all time; the singing match for some rustic wager, a soft white lamb, a carven drinking bowl of beechwood or of maple; the bout of rude bantering between two rival swains; the sad lament of a lover for unrequited or deceived love; the dirge

of his fellows around the tomb of some dead shepherd, Daphnis or another, who in his time had himself well known to build the lofty rhyme among them. These forms, taken no doubt from actual memories of Himera or Syracuse, Theocritus bequeathed to his successors in the ways of the pastoral muse, and with them that absorption in the amorous theme, which is after all from beginning to end the dominant note of his lyric.[1]

A band of disciples, less original than Theocritus himself, crowded around him. Bion and Moschus, each memorable for at least one poem of great beauty, are the names left to us. Then, in the triumph of Greek poetry over the austere Roman conqueror, came Virgil, who translated the pastoral of Theocritus to his own Italian fields, giving it there a setting of vineyard and corn-land, brushing off, it may be, some of the early freshness, but in its place bestowing the polish of a yet more consummate art.[2] And so after Virgil, Calpurnius, and after Calpurnius, Nemesianus,[3] and after Nemesianus the endless versifiers of the Christian centuries, each in his turn beating out the thin gold thinner, and producing, like the Platonic artist, his copy of a copy of a copy. With the Renascence came new life to the Latin eclogue. It exactly hit the fancy of the humanists; they relished its artificial ring, the opportunities

[1] English readers may consult the text of the Greek pastoralists in *Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; rendered into English Prose* by Andrew Lang (1880). There is also a verse translation of Theocritus by C. S. Calverley.

[2] For an admirable criticism of Virgil's eclogues, see W. Y. Sellar, *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.*

[3] H. Schenkl, *Calpurnii et Nemesiani Bucolica* (1885). The eclogues of Calpurnius have been translated by Mr. E. J. L. Scott (1891).

for covert satire upon Church and State which it afforded. Petrarch made use of it, and Boccaccio and Erasmus. Many of the essays of these neo-Latin writers, together with their classical and mediæval models, are to be found in a little volume published by Oporinus, at Basle, in 1546, under the quaint title of *En habes, lector, Bucolicorum auctores xxxviii.*[1] Of them all the most significant for the development of English literature is the Carmelite, Baptista Spagnuoli Mantuanus, the 'good old Mantuan' of *Love's Labour's Lost*, whose frigidly didactic eclogues impressed themselves on the imagination of Spenser and his contemporaries.

The main outlines of the classical eclogue are reproduced by the earlier writers of English pastoral with a fidelity which is often tedious. Of the modifications, in form and spirit, to which it gradually lent itself, we must speak directly: but we have first to note that, in all bucolic poetry and prose as it was cultivated at the Renascence, we find united with the eclogue elements of less importance from other strata of literary tradition, tributaries which mingled half imperceptibly with the waters of the main stream. For, after all, the shepherd life is a familiar thing all the world over, nor could it be expected that at one point or in one manner only it should leave its mark upon human thought and human art. Three of these secondary influences helped to form the sixteenth-century pastoral.

[1] The full title runs *En habes, lector, Bucolicorum auctores xxxviii quotquot a Virgilii aetate ad nostra usque tempora eo poematis genere usos, sedulo inquirentes nancisci in praesentia licuit, Farrago quidem eclogarum clvi mira cum elegantia tum varietate referta.*

Firstly, there is the remarkable novel, *Daphnis and Chloe*, in which, about the fifth century after Christ, the Greek prose-writer Longus strove to give an entirely new form to the conventions of Theocritus.[1] *Daphnis and Chloe*, with its early traces of 'romantic' love, its early passion for scenery, is undeniably a notable ancestor of the later pastoral developments of the romance, as they present themselves in Sannazaro, in Montemayor, in Sidney. Secondly, there is the *pastourelle* of mediæval France, a short lively poem—half dialogue, half recital—in some degree Provençal in its origin, and always constant to a single type of structure. A noble youth meets a shepherdess in the fields; he dismounts to woo her, is successful or unsuccessful in his love, and in either event mounts and rides away. The *pastourelles* of the troubadour Colin Musset are lost to us, but in the thirteenth century the form was dramatized by Adam de la Halle in his *Jeu de Robin et Marion*, which still exists.[2] The typical incident of the *pastourelle* has left its trace upon the love-stories of Florizel, and of many another disguised Elizabethan prince; and the name of Robin recurs in the eclogues of Clément Marot, to which the author of *The Shepheard's Calender* recognizes his debt. And finally, one must not leave out of account the pastoral affinities in the one book which of all others most

[1] *Daphnis and Chloe* was translated into English, from the French of Amyot (1559), by Angel Day in 1587, and this translation has been recently reprinted by Mr. Joseph Jacobs (1890).

[2] Bartsch, *Altfranzösische Romanzen und Pastourellen* (1870). See also Dr. Grosart's essay in the third volume of his edition of Spenser, and G. Paris, *La littérature Française au moyen âge*, §§ 122, 127, 133.

profoundly impressed the Englishmen of the sixteenth century. The Old and the New Testament, accessible at last in the splendid new words of Tyndale and of Coverdale, yielded each its episodes of pastoral life. The Old gave them David, with his idyllic boyhood among the sheep-folds; the New that wakeful night of the shepherds under the same starry heavens of Bethlehem, already a theme familiar for its quaint renderings in the miracle-plays of the north;[1] nor could it be forgotten how in parable deliberate choice had been made of the Good Shepherd to serve as symbol for the Founder of Christianity himself, of the faithful shepherd and the hireling as types respectively of the just and the unjust amongst his appointed teachers. So that 'pastoral' came to have its clear ecclesiastical signification, and it fell out naturally for Spenser or Milton to adapt to the bucolic forms their allegories of the religious life. And it was characteristic of the medley of ideas which everywhere distinguishes Renascence art, that the pastoral should thus absorb into itself pagan and religious elements, and present them side by side without fear of incongruity; Peter mourning in the company of Triton and the Muses over the hearse of Lycidas, while "the mighty Pan" must do duty in *The Shepheard's Calender*, alike for the wood-god of classical myth, for the historic Henry the Eighth, and for the very person of the Almighty.

The Latin writers of pastoral adhered precisely

[1] See A. W. Pollard, *English Miracle Plays* (1890). Mr. Pollard includes amongst his extracts the *Secunda Pastorum* from the Towneley Plays.

to the manner of the formal eclogue.[1] The varieties of this fell within comparatively narrow limits. Sometimes descriptive, it was more often dramatic or pseudo-dramatic in its setting, the dialogue or monologue, generally interspersed with songs, of imagined shepherds. The metre was invariably the hexameter; the typical situations followed the models already set by Theocritus and Virgil. The eclogue, thus constituted, by no means disappeared at the Renascence. Spenser and Drayton, to name no others, were content to accept its broad outlines. But even they reject the classical uniformity of metre. Googe, indeed, confines himself to monotonous seven-foot lines;[2] but Spenser uses a bewildering variety of rhythms, and makes a further distinction, within each eclogue, between the metre of the dialogue and that of the more lyrical portions. Even these innovations left the formal eclogue stiff and constrained in its English dress. The path of development for the Elizabethan pastoral lay in the direction of still enlarged liberty. Those who handled it most successfully, while maintaining

[1] *Eclogues*, *ἐκλογαί*, are literally 'selections'. The name is given in MSS. to the bucolics of Virgil, Calpurnius, and Nemesianus, and to certain short astronomical poems of Ausonius. The Elizabethans misunderstood and mis-spelt the word. Thus, in the *Generall Argument* to the *Shepheard's Calender*, E. K. writes "*Æglogai*, as it were *αἰγῶν*, or *αἰγονόμων λόγοι*, that is, Goteheards tales".

Idyll, *εἰδύλλιον*, is the name for a short descriptive poem, and means literally 'a little picture'. The name was applied both to the pastoral and the mythological poems of Theocritus. The Romans of the Empire used both 'eclogue' and 'idyll' as general names for a short poem. Cf. Pliny, *Epistles*, iv. 14, 9, "sive epigrammata sive idyllia sive eclogas . . . sive poematia vocare malueris".

Bucolic is derived from the Greek *βουκόλος*, a herdsman.

[2] Barnabe Googe, *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes* (1563), re-edited by Prof. Arber in his *English Reprints* (1871).

the essential features of the old bucolic convention, the scenery, the *dramatis personæ*, the traditional range of sentiment and emotion, yet allowed themselves extreme freedom of choice as to the forms in which they gave it expression. Thus it was that the pastoral came to invade almost every sphere of literature, and notably those of drama and romance.

Pastoral drama may be said to begin, in Italy, with the *Favolo di Orfeo* of Politian in 1472. Its two masterpieces were the *Aminta* of Torquato Tasso (1573), and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini (1590); delicately sensuous love-poems these, full of colour and sunshine and song, already containing in the abundance of their lyrical elements the germs of the Italian opera that was to be.[1] In England, the pastoral drama found itself a home at court, where everything artificial was sure of a welcome from Elizabeth. Sir Philip Sidney's masque, *The Lady of the May*,[2] was presented before her at Wanstead in 1578, and was followed, a few years later, by Peele's pretty comedy, *The Arraignment of Paris* (1581?),[3] in which the scene is set among the flocks of Ida. The sub-plot tells of the loves of Colin and Thestylis, while in the main action, by a flattery not too gross to hit its mark, the golden apple which moved such divine discord is bestowed in a full council of heaven upon the Virgin Queen. In

[1] See J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy: the Catholic Reaction*, chapters vii. xi. There are English translations of the *Pastor Fido* by Fanshawe (1647), and by Settle (1677).

[2] *The Lady of the May* was printed with the 3rd edition of the *Arcadia* (1598). It may be found in W. Gray's *Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney*.

[3] Peele's *Works* have been edited by Dyce, and more recently by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

the comedies written by Lyly for the children of Paul's from 1587 to 1590,[1] as in the 'entertainments' of this, and the court masques of the next reign, pastoral elements repeatedly occur. Shakespeare glorified the prevailing fashion in *As You Like It* (1600?), and in the fourth act of *A Winter's Tale* (1610?). Fletcher modelled upon the *Pastor Fido* his own *Faithful Shepherdess*[2] (1608?), and Jonson interwove a shepherd story with the legends of Robin Hood in his memorable fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*[3] (before 1637). Works of less genius are Rutter's *Shepherd's Holiday*[4] (1635), Goffe's *Careless Shepherdess*[5] (publ. 1636, acted before 1629), and Randolph's *Amyntas*[6] (1638); while Day in his *Isle of Gulls*[7] (publ. 1606, acted 1605?), and Shirley in his *Arcadia*[8] (publ. 1639, acted 1632?), adapted to the purposes of the stage certain episodes from Sidney's famous romance.

For pastoral fiction, as well as pastoral comedy, looked to Sidney as its English Hippocrene. His *Arcadia* was the third of the three great sixteenth-century romances. The Italian *Arcadia* of Giacomo Sannazaro had preceded it in 1504, and the Spanish *Diana Enamorada* of the Portuguese Jorge di Montemayor in 1542. In these interminable tales the pastoral novel of Longus is wedded to the

[1] Lyly's *Dramatic Works* have been edited by F. W. Fairholt.
[2] J. S. L. Strachey, *Best Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher* (Mermaid Series), vol. 2.
[3] Cunningham, *Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. 2.
[4] Hazlitt's Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. xii.
[5] There is no modern edition of *The Careless Shepherdess.*
[6] W. C. Hazlitt, *Poems of Randolph.*
[7] A. H. Bullen, *Works of John Day* (1881).
[8] Dyce, *Works of Shirley* (1833), vol. vi.

dying mediæval romance. At one moment the hero is performing wonders of chivalry, at another he is disguised as a shepherd, making love to a shepherdess, herself in truth only a disguised princess. The *Arcadia* was begun at Wilton in 1580, for the amusement of the author's sister, Mary, Lady Pembroke. Sidney was then under a cloud at court, and must have gladly sought the solace of meadow and garden, and the congenial tasks of literature. The *Arcadia* was not intended for the world, and Sidney requested on his death-bed that it might be destroyed. Lady Pembroke, however, decided otherwise, and it appeared, pieced together from the scattered sheets on which it was written, in 1590. Like its foreign predecessors, it is a medley of prose and verse, verse which in Sidney's case, at least, is often neither relevant to the story, nor in itself delightful, being for the most part indiscreet exercises in the 'English versifying', the exotic metres, which it was the creed of the Areopagus to impose upon English song. Analysis or criticism of the *Arcadia* would be out of place here, more especially as the plan of this volume does not include any specimens of pastoral prose. Tedious it is, yet full of beauty, and instinct with a high seriousness, by no means meriting its author's contemptuous dismissal as "vain, vain, vain", nor Milton's echoed denunciation of a "vain, amatorious poem". It set a fashion, although it had no successors of importance; the new affectations of the style replaced the earlier euphuism of Lyly; the matter did much to extend the popularity of pastoralism. It is probably to Sannazaro and to

Sidney that we owe the substitution of Arcadia for Sicily as the traditional home of the pastoral life, though here they do but expand a hint in the seventh eclogue of Virgil, where Corydon and Thyrsis are spoken of as '*Arcades ambo*'.[1]

Sidney was not the only man to adopt the pastoral to the purposes of prose fiction. Between the time of the writing and the publication of the *Arcadia,* Greene, Lodge, and others had already begun to occupy the field with short pamphlet novels, conceived in a pastoral vein. These were based rather on the Italian *novelle* than on the heroic romance. The two best of them, Lodge's *Rosalynde* (1590), and Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia* (1588), are well worth reading, apart from the fact that they served as material to be transmuted by the incomparable art of Shakespeare.[2] Nor is the influence of the pastoral to be found only in the drama and the romance. It meets us in the love-sonnet, in the epic, in the allegorical poem. Lodge indites his *Phillis Honoured with Pastoral Sonnets* (1593); Spenser introduces Pastorella and her "lustie shepheard swains" into the sixth book of *The Faerie Queene*; Phineas Fletcher puts the tedious disquisitions of *The Purple Island* into the mouth of the shepherd Thirsil. Through this breaking down of literary barriers, the shepherds often find themselves in strange company. With the gods and goddesses, the nymphs and satyrs,

[1] The two latest editions of the *Arcadia* are those by Hain Friswell (1867), and H. O. Sommer (1891).

[2] Lodge's story is the basis of *As You Like It,* and Greene's of *A Winter's Tale.*

of pagan mythology, they may be thought not incongruous, although in Theocritus these have no part, save as objects of legend and worship. But they are distinctly less at home with the spirits of another sort, the elves and fairies of Celtic and Teutonic folk-lore, with whom they are sometimes, as in Drayton's *Muses' Elizium*, called upon to appear.

We have spoken of the eclogue proper, of the pastoral drama and the pastoral romance, of the overflow of pastoral into other fields of literature, and yet we have left untouched the chief glory of Elizabethan pastoral. This is assuredly the pastoral lyric. From the time of Theocritus the introduction of songs had been a regular feature of eclogue. These had often but a very slight connection in subject with the dialogue in which they were inserted. Spenser had further given them a metrical independence. It was but a short step to detach them entirely from their setting, to treat them as self-contained lyrical poems. From such lyrics the poetic anthologies of the day, *England's Helicon* and the rest, derive much of their peculiar charm; they star the pages of innumerable song-books. But whether isolated or included in eclogue, drama, and romance, there is nothing in the whole of Elizabethan literature more purely felicitous than the pastoral songs and short descriptive pieces of simple rhythm, which poured in such profusion from the pens of Lodge and Greene, of Breton and Campion, and many another less famous writer. They bubble over with woodland music, the notes of the birds in spring, the rhythms of falling waters.

Nor at a later period are Herrick and Marvell, this in his sober, that in his pagan mood, less happy in the same kind of composition. Many might hold that it is in the *Corinna's Going A-Maying*, or in *The Mower to the Glowworms* that English bucolic poetry reaches its high-water mark.

These, then, are the main forms in which Elizabethan pastoral shaped itself. We turn to another aspect of the matter. The genius which creates a novel mode of literature or art must necessarily leave a heritage of difficulty for those who come after. It is so hard at all times to steer clear of the exact point where discipleship ends and imitation begins. Just as the domineering individuality of Pope—

> "Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
> And every warbler has his tune by heart,"

so, in the region of pastoral, the fascinating individuality of Theocritus became a standing danger in the path of his successors. Theocritus sang of themes that he knew well, of the scenery and the society familiar to his boyhood. His idylls were a poet's transcript from actuality. So haunting were his memories, so vivid his pictures, that their influence hung like an atmosphere over all subsequent attempts of other men to render the pastoral life in song. His incidents, his very phrases, became a common stock upon which all who followed him drew alike. But the difference between model and copy is a fundamental one. When Theocritus' descriptions of Sicilian shepherds were transferred to other lands, they naturally lost all such realistic

elements as they possessed, and took on the character of mere convention. The habitual daily life of the slopes of Etna could only be fantasy in the meadows of Kent, or even upon the plain of Lombardy. Probably the shepherds of Mantua never sang against each other for a cup of white maple wood, whereon was wrought the loves of Ares and Aphrodite, with a border of acanthus leaves; certainly this was not the form of competition celebrated at the meeting at which Master Page's fallow greyhound was "outrun on Cotsall".

Thus, as is the case with all art that depends mainly upon reproduction, the pastoral was in a constant state of menace from the artificial elements in it; the liberal use of conventions threatened conventionality; the poetry was always on the point of degenerating into a mere literary exercise. Nor can it be denied that, for long periods together, this fate actually did overtake it; after Virgil, for instance, and after, or perhaps, not only after, Pope. And part of the interest of the history of pastoral, during its more vigorous and productive seasons, is in the study of the various methods by which different writers strove to overcome this tendency, to revitalize a decadent tradition. Four ways in which this process of revitalizing has been attempted may be profitably distinguished. The first two have this in common, that they introduce elements quite alien to the pastoral life, treating of that, not for its own sake, but only as a symbol of what actually occupies the mind of the writer. There is the method of personal allusion. The poet brings in himself, his friends, his mistress, in the guise of

shepherds and shepherdesses, and under that transparent veil, indulges in what is always so attractive, both to author and to readers, autobiography. Such a course offers many delights. It has its flavour of enigma, the perpetual interest of a partly-revealed mystery. It affords abundant opportunities for the compliment discreetly insinuated, for the attack which gathers sting from its indirectness, above all, for the love poem which may dare to be warm without audacity, inasmuch as the very artificiality of the form really permits the closer approach. To Rosalind or Idea you may safely sing what Rose Dyneley or Anne Goodyere might think fit to deem impertinent. The personal note can hardly be traced now, if it ever existed, in Theocritus; but the dead shepherd of Moschus' lament is clearly his fellow-poet Bion, and in Virgil the fortunes of the poet himself are put in the mouth of Tityrus, while the adventures of his noble friends, Pollio and Gallus, are his frequent theme. The eclogues of Calpurnius are devoted to the laudation of Nero; in Petrarch, Pamphilus and Mition stand for St. Peter and Clement the Sixth; while Boccaccio introduces the Emperor and the City of Florence under the pastoral names of Daphnis and Florida. The recurrence of the same device in English pastoral is too obvious to need proof. The extent to which it was carried may best be seen in Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again.* Here we have Spenser himself figuring as Colin, Gabriel Harvey as Hobbinol, Raleigh as the Shepherd of the Ocean. Moreover, a large part of the poem is occupied by an account of all the poets

and the great lords and ladies whom Spenser met in London, each duly labelled with a pastoral appellative. Elizabeth heads the list as Cynthia, and the rest follow, to the number of twenty or thirty; nor can we doubt that, although many of the names are difficult for us to identify, they were all well understood by, at any rate, the inner literary circles of the day.

But from personal allusion it is only a short step to political, social, or religious allusion. At one time pastoral became allegorical, or, at the least, didactic. This phase of development belongs mainly to the beginning of the Renascence. The *Pollio* of Virgil is not strictly a pastoral at all. The poet admittedly leaves the humbler theme to launch into his prophecy of national greatness—

"Sicelides Musae, paullo maiora canamus".

The humanists, however, were not slow to recognize in the pastoral a powerful weapon for the purposes of satire. A large number of the eclogues contained in the volume published by Oporinus are in reality but thinly-veiled attacks upon Church and State, Papacy and Empire. Mantuan, again, is mainly concerned to moralize; a fact which doubtless explains the unexampled popularity of his work as a text-book for grammar-schools. And here comes in that easy parallel, already alluded to, between the shepherd, the *pastor*, and the priest or clergyman. Piers and Palinode, the disputing shepherds in the fifth eclogue of the *Shepheard's Calender*, stand for the Protestant and the Catholic divine; and in the seventh and ninth eclogues the

theme is repeated. Perhaps it speaks well for the literary sense of the Elizabethans that this particular mode of treating pastoral proved, on the whole, a trifle too tedious for them, and practically vanished out of account. Its influence, however, may be easily traced in the passage about 'the hungry sheep' in Milton's *Lycidas*.

It is obvious that poetry which appeals to its own time, not through inherent literary qualities, but by force of personal or social allusion, must lose proportionately in its hold upon posterity. The two remaining methods by which the failing energies of pastoral have been from time to time refreshed and recreated, are not open to the same objection. They rest upon broad permanent tendencies of human nature, the twin faculties of imagination and observation, the instincts, if you will, towards realism and idealism. And these two lines of development are by no means incompatible; in the finest Elizabethan pastoral they proceed, in large measure, side by side. It was possible, while preserving the main outlines of the pastoral convention, to bring it subtly into touch with English life; substituting the scenery, the manners and customs, the legends and superstitions of our own country-side for those which so many since Theocritus had borrowed from Sicily; letting the hawthorn bloom instead of the cytisus, and the dog-rose take the place of the trailing vine. Such a process, carried too far, would end in destroying the pastoral altogether: it would lead to a new poetry of nature and rural life, such as our own century has given us. And good as this is, it is good in another way

from pastoral, whose highest function, as we shall see directly, is to paint an imaginary and not a real life. But perhaps the fault of the Elizabethans is, that they did not carry the process quite far enough. In fact, the ways of the country were a little beyond their sphere of observation. Touches of landscape, of hill and meadow, of copse and river, they give us in plenty; but the life of the peasant, as it was lived in the plains of Warwickshire or on the Wiltshire downs, was a sealed book to all but the greatest of them. Even Spenser, wearing some part of the mantle of his father, Chaucer, is not always happy in his attempts to be natural; his cumbrous English names, his fantastic Northumbrian dialect, are only clumsy instead of being rustic. Here and there, in Spenser himself, in his humbler follower Basse, in the wayward Herrick, some genuine knowledge of farm and sheepfold and village green mingles with the verse; but such impulses were always isolated, and without much effect upon the main body of pastoral literature.

On the other hand, the imaginative or idealist way of treating the pastoral appealed very strongly to the Elizabethan temper. Consider for a moment some of the social conditions of the age. City life, as we now know it, was just beginning to make itself felt as an element in English society. Literature was coming more and more to centre in London, and London was already growing oppressive. Certainly, from any part of it, you could still reach the fields in a ten-minutes' walk; the frog-bit, as Gerarde tells us, was yet to be found in the pools and ditches of Southwark. Nevertheless, the life

of the day was essentially one lived among men, and not among trees. And further, the old order of things, in which each found from birth some natural place and definite sphere of duties marked out for him, had disappeared; the struggle for existence, though the term would not have been understood, was becoming exacting; a man must push and bustle and intrigue and trample upon his fellows, to make his own way. Life was strenuous and difficult, and though it had its ardours and extreme joys, it had its moments of weariness and reaction also. The finer spirits of the day were clearly touched to this issue; Raleigh yearning for his "scallop shell of quiet"; Spenser going home with a sigh of relief to the "green alders by the Mulla's shore", or Donne to the "salads and onions of Mitcham". And it was to this mood that pastoral had its pleasant meaning. For one must realize that pastoral is not the poetry of country life, but the poetry of the townsman's dream of country life. Upon the semblance of such a dream is Arcadia fashioned; a land of rustling leaves and cool waters, of simple pleasures and honest loves; a land where men "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world", untroubled so long as their flocks bear well, and their mistresses are kind, content with rude lodging and humble fare, and without envy for the luxuries and vexations of the great. Three spiritual notes characterize the pastoral. One is this exaltation of content, connecting itself on the one side with the longing for renewed simplicity of manners, on the other with a vivid sense of the uncertainty of all human

advantages. In this key you have Greene, with his—

"Ah, what is love? it is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too";

or Dekker, with his—

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O, punishment!"

In that, the solemn dirges of Shakespeare—

"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust";

and of Shirley—

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade".

Then there is the note of love; the one serious preoccupation of the pastoral life, running like a golden thread through the whole of its literature. And here again it is a love mainly enamoured of simplicity; as of the courtier, wearied out by maids of honour, with their airs and graces, and finding an exquisite pleasure in the shy words and open heart of Phyllida or Amaryllis.

And finally, there is the note of delight in, and

refreshment from, natural beauty. Our poems are full of spring and of the voice of birds, diapered with flowers of every hue and savour, whether it be the familiar flowers of hedgerow and meadow, the daffodils and cowslips making a cloth of gold, the tangles of eglantine and woodbine, or the homely denizens of the cottage garden, pansies and columbines and marigolds, larkspurs and lilies—

> "lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one".

It is nature, indeed, as it presented itself to the Elizabethans, somewhat vaguely and generally conceived. There is none of that accurate observation which Darwin has taught our modern poets, any more than there is that haunting sense of immanent deity which they have inherited from Wordsworth. The times and seasons of a country calendar are rarely observed, the habits of fauna and flora imperfectly understood. "Milton's lark", says Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, "which came in spite of sorrow to bid good morrow at his window (in the village of Horton) was certainly a redbreast. Lycidas' laureate hearse is to be strewn with three kinds of berries and eleven kinds of flowers; but the unfortunate Edward King was drowned on the 10th of August, when none of the berries would have appeared, and nine of the eleven flowers would be over".[1] Spenser mingles damask roses with the daffodillies and primroses of Elisa's "cremosin coronet", and bids the maidens bring both "coronations"

[1] "Poets and Insects," in *The Pelican Record* for June, 1893.

and king-cups for her adorning. Only Shakespeare is careful to make Perdita distribute the proper flowers of middle summer from her nosegay, and lament the absence of the flowers of spring that might furnish fitting garlands for her girl friends. These are perhaps the incidents of rural poetry as the townsman writes it; yet one is inclined to think that they point to a deeper divergence of the Elizabethan point of view from our own. Nature for them was a thing only to be felt, not studied; emotion was its interpreter and not science. They caught the fresh innocent delight of childhood, and were content to miss the subtler, if not higher, pleasures which come of greater knowledge and understanding.

Shakespeare, in the plenitude of his insight, has left us what we may take as a criticism of the philosophy of life which underlies the pastoral. In *As You Like It* he paints the ideal with a full sense of its beauty, yet not without his touches of irony also. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" is the motto of the outlaws; but this is not quite the final conclusion which the working out of the play illustrates. Jaques, the disillusioned libertine, and Phebe, the disdainful shepherdess, are discordant elements in the forest. Minds innocent and quiet, Rosalind or Orlando, or the Duke, may take it for an hermitage; but it has no amulet to heal the discontented and the froward. With this judgment of the wise master we may leave the matter.

There is, however, one further, and in some measure isolated aspect of the pastoral spirit which calls for remark. The 'pastoral melancholy' is by

no means part of the ideal which we have been considering. There the shepherd life is uniformly considered as blithe and joyous, unvexed by any sorrow that time or song cannot readily cure. But in reality, the life of the fields is never without its undertone of sadness. Clear away the fripperies of civilization, put yourself into touch with the great heart of things, and the primal tragedies of existence, the burden of labour and the pang of loss, become, not less, but more affecting. In the hush of the woods and pastures, the "still sad music of humanity" is plainly audible. And if you go back to Theocritus, only another way of returning from convention to reality, the echo of this music rarely ceases to sound. Especially did such sentiment tend to connect itself with the idea, always so intolerable to the pagan imagination, of death. We have already noted, among the primitive modes of Sicilian song, the dirge for some dead comrade, or in commemoration of the mythical herdsman, Daphnis. Bion has left us a literary adaptation of such a theme. And when Bion himself died, Moschus used the form to express, in poetic metaphor, the sorrow of those who had loved him for the lost singer and friend. In our own literature it has become traditional for such a purpose. Again and again throughout the centuries

> "The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown
> In melancholy cadence rose to swell
> Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel,
> When lovely souls and pure, before their time,
> Into the dusk went down".[1]

[1] J. W. Mackail, *On the Death of Arnold Toynbee*, in *Love's Looking-Glass* (1891).

Philip Sidney and Edward King, John Keats and Arthur Clough, all alike cut off by an ineluctable fate in the flower of their days; for all alike the cadences of a half-forgotten Greek poet have woven their imperishable memorial.

The interest of the history of English pastoral ends abruptly with the seventeenth century. With the rise of Pope we pass from the age of literature to the age of literary intrigue. Pope's four pastorals were written, according to his own statement, at the age of sixteen. It is probable that he somewhat exaggerated his own precocity. They were published in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709, at the end of a volume which opened with another set of pastorals by Ambrose Philips. Some years afterwards a series of critical papers upon pastoral poetry appeared in Steele's periodical, the *Guardian*,[1] in which Philips' work was singled out for the very highest praise. The writer, who is conjectured to have been Tickell, spoke of "Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil, who left his to his son Spenser; and Spenser, who was succeeded by his eldest born Philips". Pope was bitterly offended at this preference of his rival, and contrived a characteristic revenge. He wrote an essay in which his own pastorals were compared with those of Philips, and which was designed to display the real superiority of the former, while giving an ironical advantage to the latter. This he sent anonymously to Steele for the *Guardian*. Steele, good honest man, failed to see the intended irony, and thought it desirable to obtain Pope's leave before publish-

[1] *Guardian*, Nos. 22, 23, 28, 30, 32.

ing the paper. This Pope was generously pleased to grant. It must be admitted that Steele's mistake is perfectly intelligible. Not only had Pope, after the manner of Defoe in his *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, so overdone the irony as to obscure the point, but also the poetic superiority which he intended the passages quoted from his own pastorals to show over those taken from Philips, is by no means as manifest as he thought. However, the paper duly appeared in the *Guardian* for April 27, 1713,[1] and Philips at least was at no loss as to the purport of it. His reply was effective, although it passed the limits of literary warfare. He hung up a birch in the coffee-room at Button's, and threatened to use it upon his "rival Arcadian" if he dared to set foot in that popular resort.

Certainly, the controversy as to the respective merits of Pope and Philips has lost its freshness. From the point of view taken in this essay, each had failed alike to appreciate the true conditions and to catch the proper spirit of pastoral. Yet within their own limits, one can hardly deny that the superiority rests with Pope. The contrary judgment were to confuse a rhymester with a man of genius. Pope's manner is intolerably artificial; he bears the graceless yoke of the Miltonic epithet; his matter is a mere pastiche from Virgil and Theocritus, Dryden and Spenser; but for melodious rhythm and dignity of phrase his pastorals reach a point which he never afterwards surpassed. The musical possibilities of the heroic couplet are ex-

[1] *Guardian*, No. 40.

hausted in the eclogue entitled "Autumn", and though we may perhaps think the metre inappropriate to the subject, we cannot fail to be sensible of the ease and dignity of the verse.

Eighteenth-century criticism occupied itself a good deal with the laws and nature of bucolic poetry. Pope, Addison, and Johnson[1] contributed something to the discussion of the theme; but they all proceeded upon the impossible lines laid down by the French critic and poet Fontenelle in his *Discours sur la Pastorale*.[2] Fontenelle's idea was to establish principles which should guide the poet in his representation of rustic life. Theocritus was too realistic, Virgil too remote from the subjects of which he treated. The proper method was to strike a middle course between the opposed dangers of barbarity and over-refinement. A very characteristic eighteenth-century doctrine, but not one calculated to afford poetical inspiration. It was the gravamen of Pope's criticism of Philips that he was too rude, that he departed from the dignity of pastoral by an attempt to paint English instead of Sicilian country life, and by introducing such English names as Hobbinol and Lobbin for the time-honoured Alexis and Thyrsis. Herein of course Philips was only following the model already set by Spenser. Pope was not content with the practical joke played in the *Guardian*, and devised a new means of throwing ridicule upon his enemy. He proposed

[1] Pope in his *Guardian* paper, and in the *Essay* prefixed to his *Pastorals*; Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 523; Johnson in the *Rambler*, Nos. 36, 37, and the *Adventurer*, No. 92.

[2] Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle, *Poésies Pastorales avec un traité sur la Nature de l'Eglogue* (1698).

to Gay to write some burlesque pastorals which should parody Philips by carrying rusticality to an extravagant pitch. Gay took the hint, and in 1714 appeared *The Shepherd's Week*. The satirical design is evident enough in the affected use of obsolete words, in the absurd bumpkin nomenclature, Buxoma and Blouzelind, Clumsilis and Hobnelia. But Gay's poetic instinct was too much for him. He had a true insight into the picturesque elements of rural life, a wide knowledge of country customs and country superstitions. And so, though only half intending it, he produced no mere parody, but a genuine work of pastoral art, the nearest approach to a realistic pastoral which our literature had yet seen. And here the history of pastoral really closes upon a note curiously significant. The versifiers who followed in the wake of Pope are of no account. But the temper of Gay, so fantastic in his own age, is prophetic enough to us of the tendencies, revolutionary and deep-rooted, which were destined, nearly a century later, to completely transform the English conception of country life as a subject for poetry. Our modern literature is intimate with the woods and fields, conversant with the dwellers therein. You might gather a philosophy and a natural history of the peasant from George Eliot and Thomas Hardy alone. But the ideals of the past are illusions in the eyes of the present; and, save as a rare survival or a conscious archaism, the fine old art of pastoral has given way to newer and more vital modes of thought and imagination. Let the authoress of *A Village Tragedy* write its epitaph—

"Peace, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?
Since long ago grace-giving Phœbus died,
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side
Of the poetic mount with him are gone
Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,
In unexplorèd realms of night to hide.
The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide
Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,
Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,
Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant
And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.
The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,
And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine".[1]

[1] From *Lyrics and Ballads.* By Margaret L. Woods (1889).

ENGLISH PASTORALS.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

(1425?–1480?.)

I. ROBYN AND MAKYNE.

Henryson's pastoral is the earliest to be found in Great Britain. It occurs in what is known as the *Bannatyne MS.* (1568). A complete edition of Henryson's poems was published by Mr. D. Laing in 1865. *Robyn and Makyne* is also in Percy's *Reliques*, in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen* (1724), and in Mr. Eyre Todd's *Mediæval Scottish Poetry* (1892).

ROBENE sat on gud greene hill,
Kepand a flok of se[1]:
Mirry Makyne said him till,
"Robene, thow rew on me[2];
I haif thee luvit lowd and still[3],
Thir yeiris two or thre;
My dule in dern[4] bot gif thow dill[5],
Doutless but dreid I de[6]".

Robene answerit, "Be the Rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw,
But keipis my scheip undir yone wude,
Lo! quhair thay raik on raw[7];
Quhat hes marrit thee in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow schaw?

[1] Sheep. [2] Have pity. [3] Openly and secretly. [4] Secret woe. [5] Temper. [6] Without doubt I die. [7] Range in row.

Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude,
Fane wald I leir[1] that law."

"At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane A, B, C;
Be heynd[2], courtass, and fair of feir[3],
Wyse, hardy, and fre:
So that no denger do thee deir[4],
Quhat dule in dern thow dre[5];
Preiss[6] thee with pane at all poweir,
Be pacient, and previe."

Robene answerit hir agane,
"I wait[7] nocht quhat is lufe;
Bot I haif mervell incertaine,
Quhat makis thee this wanrufe[8].
The weddir is fair, and I am fane[9],
My scheip gois haill aboif[10],
And[11] we wald play us in this plane,
Thay wald us bayth reproif."

"Robene, tak tent[12] unto my taill,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill,
Eik and my maidinheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill,
And for murnyng remeid;
In dern with thee, bot gif I daill,
Dowtles I am bot deid."

"Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,
And ye will meit me heir,
Peraventure my scheip ma gang besyd,
Quhill we haif liggit[13] full neir;

[1] Learn. [2] Gentle. [3] Demeanour. [4] Daunt. [5] Endure.
[6] Exert. [7] Wot. [8] Thus uneasy. [9] Glad.
[10] Healthy on the heights. [11] If. [12] Heed. [13] Lain.

Bot mawgre[1] haif I and I byd,
Fra thay begin to steir;
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
Makyne than mak gud cheir."

"Robene, thou reivis me roiff[2] and rest,
I luve bot thee allone."
"Makyne, adew! the sone gois west,
The day is neir hand gone."
"Robene, in dule I am so drest[3],
That lufe wilbe my bone."
"Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thow list,
For lemman I luve none."

"Robene, I stand in sic a styll
I sicht[4], and that full sair."
"Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle,
At hame God gif I weir."
"My huny, Robene, talk ane quhyll,
Gif thow will do na mair."
"Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair."

Robene on his wayis went,
Als licht as leif of tre;
Mawkyne murnit in hir intent[5],
And trowd him nevir to se.
Robene brayd attour the bent[6];
Than Makyne cryit on hie,
"Now ma thow sing, for I am schent[7],
Quhat alis lufe at me?"

Mawkyne went hame withowttin faill
Full wery eftir cowth weip[8]:

[1] Ill will. [2] Robbest me of peace. [3] Beset. [4] Sigh.
[5] Desire. [6] Strode over the brake. [7] Destroyed. [8] Wept

Than Robene in a ful fair daill
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum parte of Mawkynis aill[1]
Out-throw his hairt cowd creip;
He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,
And till hir tuke gude keep[2].

"Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve it salbe thyne,
Withowttin departing.
All haill! thy harte for till haif myne,
Is all my cuvating;
My scheip to morne, quhill[3] houris nyne,
Will neid of no keping."

"Robene, thow hes hard soung and say,
(In gestis[4] and storeis auld,)
'The man that will nocht quhen he may,
Saill haif nocht quhen he wald'.
I pray to Jesu, every day
Mot eik[5] thair cairis cauld,
That first preissis[6] with thee to play,
Be firth[7], forrest, or fauld[8]."

"Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The weddir is warme and fair,
And the grene woid rycht neir us by
To walk attour all quhair:
Their na na janglour[9] us espy,
That is to lufe contrair;
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
Unsene we ma repair."

[1] Pain. [2] Heed. [3] Until. [4] Romances. [5] Add to.
[6] Attempt. [7] Enclosure. [8] Open pasture. [9] Gossip.

"Robene, that warld is all away,
And quyt brocht till ane end
And nevir agane thairto perfay[1],
Sall it be as thow wend[2]:
For of my pane thow maid it play,
And all in vane I spend:
As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend."

"Makyne, the howp of all my heill[3],
My hairt on thee is sett,
And evir mair to thee be leill,
Quhill I may leif but lett[4];
Never to faill, as utheris feill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett."
"Robene, with thee I will nocht deill;
Adew! for thus we mett."

Makyne went hame blyth anneuche[5],
Attour the holttis hair[6];
Robene murnit, and Makyne leuche[7];
Scho sang, he sichit sair:
And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch[8],
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche[9],
Amangis the holtis hair.

[1] By my faith. [2] Expected. [3] Health. [4] Without ceasing.
[5] Enough. [6] Grey hills. [7] Laughed. [8] Dejected. [9] Cliff.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.(?)

(1517?–1547.)

II. HARPALUS' COMPLAINT OF PHILLIDA'S LOVE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOVED HER NOT, AND DENIED HIM THAT LOVED HER.

From *Songs and Sonnets* (1557). This volume, known from the name of the printer as *Tottel's Miscellany*, is the first of that long series of anthologies of which *England's Helicon* and *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody* are the most noticeable. It contains poems, many of them written a good many years before they were printed, by Surrey, Wyatt, Lord Vaux, Nicholas Grimald, and others. Besides the present poem two or three others in the same collection, notably Surrey's *Complaint of a Dying Lover*, have a faintly marked pastoral character. In the Miscellany *Harpalus' Complaint* is placed in a group of poems by 'Uncertain Authors'. It is reprinted and ascribed to the Earl of Surrey in *England's Helicon* (1600), but this is not very good evidence of authorship. *Tottel's Miscellany* has been edited by Prof. Arber, in his series of *English Reprints*.

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
And fresh as any flower:
Whom Harpalus the herdman pray'd
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke[1] Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere[2]:
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy,
For Harpalus to win:
For Corin was her only joy,
Who forced[3] her not a pin

[1] *eke*, also. [2] *yfere*, together. [3] *force*, affect, care for.

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlands make:
Of cowslips and of columbine?
And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawks to lure,
And forcèd more the field:
Of lovers law he took no cure,
For once he was beguiled.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost:
For he was farthest from her thought;
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
And dry as clod of clay:
His flesh it was consumèd clean;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His hair hung all unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all forwatch'd[1],
His face besprent with tears:
It seem'd unhap had him long hatch'd,
In middes of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare;
As one forlorn was he:
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

[1] *forwatch'd*, spoilt with watching.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sat in the dale:
And thus with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say,)
Unhappiest under sun:
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begun.

For thou went'st first by suit to seek
A tiger to make tame:
That sets not by thy love a leek;
But makes thy grief her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the flame:
As for to turn a froward heart,
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

Corin he liveth carèless,
He leaps among the leaves:
He eats the fruits of thy redress,
Thou reaps, he takes the sheaves.

My beasts, a while your food refrain,
And hark your herdman's sound:
Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,
Through-girt with many a wound.

O happy be ye beastès wild,
That here your pasture takes:
I see that ye be not beguiled
Of these your faithful makes[1].

[1] *make*, mate.

The hart he feedeth by the hind:
The buck hard by the doe:
The turtle dove is not unkind
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ram,
The young cow hath the bull:
The calf with many a lusty lamb
Do feed their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so fair:
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all too dear.

What reason is that cruelty
With beauty should have part?
Or else that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's heart?

I see therefore, to shape my death
She cruelly is press'd:
To th' end that I may want my breath;
My days been[1] at the best.

O Cupid, grant this my request,
And do not stop thine ears:
That she may feel within her breast
The pains of my despairs.

Of Corin that is carëless,
That she may crave her fee:
As I have done in great distress,
That loved her faithfully.

[1] *been*, are.

But since that I shall die her slave;
Her slave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my friends, upon my grave
This chance that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
Whom cruel love hath slain:
By Phillida unjustly thus
Murder'd with false disdain."

EDMUND SPENSER.

(1552–1598.)

III. JANUARY.

The *Shepheard's Calender* (1579–80) consists of twelve 'aeglogues', one for each month of the year. There is a dedication to Sidney, 'the president Of noblesse and of chevalree', a commendatory letter by E. K., probably Edward Kirke, to Gabriel Harvey, and a pedantic 'glosse', from which I have borrowed some notes, by the same E. K. The author's name is only given as *Immerito*. It soon became known and famous, and the *Shepheard's Calender* proved the model for all the set of eclogues of the Elizabethan age. Spenser struck a new vein in the *Faerie Queene*, but he introduced into it the pastoral episode of Calidore and Pastorella in book vi., and there are pastoral elements in several of his minor poems, especially *Daphnaida* (1591), *Astrophel* (1595), and *Colin Clout's come home again* (1595).

Colin Clout[1]

A SHEPEHEARDS boy, (no better doe him call,)
When winters wastful spight was almost spent,

[1] *Colin Clout* "is a name not greatly used, and yet have I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons under that title. But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and used of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certain Æglogue. Under which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself" (E. K.). Skelton's *Colin Clout* is a satire. Colin of Anjou occurs as a speaker in Clément Marot's eclogue on the death of Louise of Savoy.

All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes [1] their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke hee ledde,
And thus him playnde, the while his shepe there fedde.

"Ye gods of love! that pitie lovers payne,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
And, Pan, thou shepheards god, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

"Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures [2] do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! yt is already donne.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,

[1] *unnethes*, scarcely. [2] *stoure*, a fit.

And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares that from your boughes do raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

"All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

"Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill governement,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

"A thousand sithes[1] I curse that carefull houre
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure[2]
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane,
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy and payne!

"It is not Hobbinol[3] wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit,

[1] *sithe*, time. [2] *stoure*, a fit.

[3] *Hobbinol* "is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and usuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved" (E. K.). Hobbinol is said in the gloss on the September Eclogue to stand for Gabriel Harvey, the Cambridge scholar and pamphleteer.

Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy giftes bene vayne;
Colin them gives to Rosalind[1] againe.

"I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
She deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne,
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not when thou should;
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abye."
So broke his oaten pype, and down did lye.

By that, the welked[2] Phoebus gan availe[3]
His wearie waine; and now the frostie night
Her mantle black through Heaven gan overhaile[4];
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

[1] *Rosalind* "is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth" (E. K.). Probably the letters of Rosalinde, if rearranged according to the known laws of Elizabethan anagrams, will give the true name. It has been conjectured to be Rose Daniel, sister of the poet of that name, a lady who probably never existed, or Rose Dyneley. The curious may pursue the matter further in Grosart's edition of Spenser, vol. ii., and in Fleay's *Guide to the Study of Chaucer and Spenser.*

[2] *welked*, waning. [3] *availe*, bring down.

[4] *overhaile*, draw over.

IV. APRIL.

COLIN'S LAY OF ELISA.

This is sung by Hobbinol in a dialogue with Thenot on the subject of their friend Colin and his helpless love. It is a courtly compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

Hobbinol.

CONTENTED I: then will I sing his laye
Of fair Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

"Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
At my request.
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

"Of fair Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of Virgins; may she florish long
In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx[1] daughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepheards god, of her begot;
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

[1] *Syrinx...Pan*, Elizabeth's mother Anne Boleyn, and her father Henry VIII. Pan plays many parts in bucolic poetry; in the Eclogue for July he is the Pope; in that for May, as at a later date in Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, he stands for Christ himself.

"See, where she sits upon the grassie greene.
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere[1],
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seen the like but there?

"I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze;
But, when he saw how broade her beames did spredde,
It did him amaze.
Hee blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe.
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

"Shewe thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht!

[1] *yfere*, together.

But I will not match her with Latonaes seede;
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

"Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone[1];
And Syrinx rejoyse, that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck[2] and forswatt[3] I am.

"I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

"Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote[4],
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my Lady bee yeven.

[1] *Bellibone*, beauty.
[2] *forswonck*, wearied out.
[3] *forswatt*, spent with heat.
[4] *soote*, sweet.

She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

"And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When warres do surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

"Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins bene,
To adorne her grace:
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

"Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres[1]:
Bring Coronations and Sops in wine[2],
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe mee the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:

[1] *Gelliflowres*, stocks and wall-flowers.
[2] *Sops in wine*, single pinks.

The pretie Pawnce[1],
And the Chevisaunce,[2]
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

"Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall array;
And now yee daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare, I have troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
And, if you come hether
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among."

v. MAY.

The opening of an Eclogue in which "under the persons of two shepheards, Piers and Palinodie, be represented two forms of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique"

Palinode.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it, then, wee no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket[3] liveries bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With grene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Yougthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May buskets[4] and smelling brere;

[1] *Pawnce*, pansy.
[2] *Chevisaunce.* This is not elsewhere used as the name of a flower, and no one knows what Spenser meant. Ordinarily the word means 'provision'.
[3] *bloncket*, blanket, gray cloth.
[4] *buskets*, bushes.

And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirke pillours eare day-light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine[1],
And girlonds of roses, and Sopps in wine[2].
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme[3],
But we here sitten as drownd in a dreme.

Piers.

For Younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But wee tway bene men of elder witt.

Palinode.

Sicker this morrowe, no lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere[4],
That to the many a Horne-pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such jovysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Queene attone
Was lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend[5]
Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare!)
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck[6]?

[1] *Eglantine*, sweet-briar.
[2] *Sopps in wine*, single pinks.
[3] *queme*, please.
[4] *Tabrere*, tabourer, drummer.
[5] *bend*, band.
[6] *swinck*, toil.

VI. JUNE.

This eclogue was probably written about 1578, when Spenser seems to have moved, perhaps at Gabriel Harvey's suggestion, from Lancashire to Kent.

Hobbinol.

LO! Collin, here the place whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde,
Tell me, what wants mee here to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde;
The grassye grounde with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Colin.

O, happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That paradise hast founde whych Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene ytost;
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste:
But I, unhappy man! whom cruell fate
And angry gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde to shroude my lucklesse pate.

Hobbinol.

Then, if by mee thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch;
Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche[1];
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruictful flocks, bene every where to see:

[1] *witche*, reed.

Here no night-ravenes lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With heydeguyes[1], and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight;
And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

Colin.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres;
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove:
My fancye eke from former follies moove
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen old above,)
And draweth newe delights with hoary haires.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made;
Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,
To give my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks; but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

Hobbinol.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastefull hylles to singe,

[1] *heydeguyes*, the hay, a country dance.

I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes,
Whose Eccho made the neyghbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their cherefull cheriping,
Or holde theyr peace, for shame of they swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound
Shepheard to see them in theyr art outgoe.

Colin.

Of Muses, Hobbinol, I conne no skill,
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phoebus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger drove,
I never lyst presume to Parnasse hill,
But, pyping lowe in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not followe flying fame,
But feede his flocks in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fytter they my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards, Tityrus[1], is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
Hee, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepheards all that bene with love ytàke:
Well couth he wayle his Woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bredd,
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O! why should Death on him such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But, if on me some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of this my plainfull plight,
Flye to my love where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, Menalcas[2]! that by trecheree
Didst underfong[3] my lasse to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Yee gentle Shepheards! which your flocks doe feede,

[1] *Tityrus*, "that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer hath bene already sufficiently sayde" (E. K.).

[2] *Menalcas*, "the name of a shephearde in Virgile: but here is meant a person unknowne and secrete, against whom he often bitterly invayeth" (E. K.).

[3] *underfong*, induce.

Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Bear witnesse all of thys so wicked deede;
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultless fayth is turn'd to faithlesse fere,
That shee the truest shepheards hart made bleede
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

Hobbinol.

O! carefull Colin, I lament thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah! faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe;
Then rise, yee blessed Flocks! and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do you foresloe,
And wett your tender Lambes that by you trace.

VII. DECEMBER.

THE gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin hight, which wel coulde pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songes did lere:
There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

"O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall
Doest save from mischiefe the unwary sheepe,
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde
Then of the flocks, which tho doest watch and warde;

"I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to shepheards Oaten reede,

Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

"Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

"I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till shee were tame.
What recked I of wintrye ages waste?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste.

"How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

"And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I to much beleeved my shepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good old shephearde, Wrenock[1] was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

[1] *Wrenock.* Probably Spenser's old schoolmaster at Merchant Taylors.

"Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepheards swayne whatever fedde in field;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield:
For, if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

"But, ah! such pryde at length was ill repayde;
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

"Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate.

"Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring way,
But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
Woulde leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe:
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witness many a wofull stowre.

"Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I se,
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same:
And, where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
The ghastlie owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

"Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde;
Also my age, now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper season selfe applyed,
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

"To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale[1]
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
How Phoebe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

"And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sodain rysing of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

"But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kindes of many a wede,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart-roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede,
Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
Why dyest thou still, and yet alive art founde?

"Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe;
The eare that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

[1] *sale*, wicker net.

"My boughs with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst;
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
My harvest, wast, my hope away did wype.

"The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
Theyr rootes bene dryed up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among,
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spil the flowres that should her girlond dight.

"And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheardes foote,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote.
The loser Lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

"And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

"So now my yeere drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harveste hastes to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right:
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his blustring blast eche coste dooth scoure.

"The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynd,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crowe his clawe doth wright:
Delight is layd abedde; and pleasure past;
No sonne now shines; cloudes han all overcast.

"Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree,
Was never pype of reede did better sound:
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

"Gather together, ye my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme[1] Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

"Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

[1] *breme*, boisterous.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

(1554–1586.)

All these extracts are from the innumerable verses scattered through the *Arcadia*. These are unfortunately by no means comparable to the love-sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella*. Many are extremely artificial, being stiff attempts at English Sapphics, Anacreontics, Asclepiadics, Phaleuciacs and the like, according to the "English versifying" theories of Sidney's Areopagus. The *Arcadia* was begun at Penshurst, in 1580, for the amusement of Sidney's sister, Lady Pembroke, and published in 1590. It is largely modelled on the Italian *Arcadia* of Giacomo Sannazaro. A few other pastorals of Sidney's have been collected by Dr. Grosart in his editions of the poet.

VIII. DORUS TO PAMELA.

MY sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve;
Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love;
On barren sweets they feed, and feeding starve;
I wail their lot, but will not other prove.
My sheep-hook is wan hope, which all upholds;
My weeds desire, cut out in endless folds;
What wool my sheep shall bear, whiles thus they live,
In you it is, you must the judgment give.

IX. NICO AND DORUS.

This poem is only found in the 1590 edition of the *Arcadia*. It is the best English specimen of the 'bantering' Eclogue, and may be compared with the fifth Idyll of Theocritus.

Nico.

AND are you there, old Pas! in troth, I ever thought,
Among us all we should find out some thing of nought.

Pas.

And I am here the same, so mote I thrive and thee,
'Despair'd in all this flock to find a knave but thee.

Nico.

Ah, now I see why thou art in thy self so blind;
Thy gray-hood hides the thing that thou despair'st to find.

Pas.

My gray-hood is mine own, all be it be but gray;
Not like the scrip thou stolest while Dorcas sleeping lay.

Nico.

Mine was the scrip; but thou, that seeming raid with love,
Didst snatch from Cosma's hand her greeny wroughten glove—

Pas.

Ah, fool; so courtiers do. But who did lively skip,
When for a treen-dish stolen thy father did thee whip?

Nico.

Indeed, the witch thy dam her crouch[1] from shoulder spread,
For pilfering Lalus' lamb, with crouch[1] to bless thy head.

Pas.

My voice the lamb did win, Menalcas was our judge:
Of singing match was made, whence he with shame did trudge.

Nico.

Couldst thou make Lalus fly? so nightingales avoid
When with the cawing crows their music is annoy'd.

Pas.

Nay, like to nightingales the other birds give ear;
My pipe and song made him both pipe and song forswear.

[1] *Crouch*=(*a*) crutch, (*b*) cross.

Nico.

I think it will: such voice would make one music hate;
But if I had been there, thou 'dst met another mate.

Pas.

Another sure as is a gander from a goose;
But still, when thou dost sing, methinks a colt is loose.

Nico.

Well aimed, by my hat; for as thou sang'st last day,
The neighbours all did cry, "Alas, what ass doth bray?'

Pas.

But here is Dicus old: let him, then speak the word,
To whether with best cause the Nymphs fair flowers afford.

Nico.

Content; but I will lay a wager hereunto,
That profit may ensue to him that best can do.
I have, and long shall have, a white great nimble cat.
A king upon a mouse, a strong foe to the rat.
Fine ears, long tail he hath, with lion's curbed claw,
Which oft he lifteth up, and stays his lifted paw,
Deep musing to himself, which after-mewing shows,
Till, with lick'd beard, his eye of fire espy his foes.
If thou (alas poor if!) do win, then win thou this;
And if I better sing, let me thy Cosma kiss.

Pas.

Kiss her? Now mayst thou kiss—I have a better match;
A pretty cur it is, his name ywis is Catch.
No ear nor tail he hath, lest they should him disgrace.
A ruddy hair his coat, with fine long spectled face;
He never musing stands, but with himself will play,
Leaping at every fly, and angry with a flea;

He eft would kill a mouse, but he disdains to fight,
And makes our home good sport with dancing bolt upright.
This is my pawn, the price let Dicus judgment show.
Such odds I willing lay, for him and you I know.

Dicus.

Sing then, my lads; but sing with better vein than yet,
Or else who singeth worst my skill will hardly hit.

Nico.

Who doubts but Pas' fine pipe again will bring
The ancient praise to Arcad shepherds' skill?
Pan is not dead, since Pas begins to sing.

Pas.

Who evermore will love Apollo's quill,
Since Nico doth to sing so widely gape?
Nico his place far better furnish will.

Nico.

Was not this he who did for Syrinx' scape,
Raging in woes, teach pastors first to plain?
Do you not hear his voice and see his shape?

Pas.

This is not he that failed her to gain,
Which, made a bay, made bay a holy tree;
But this is one that doth his music stain.

Nico.

O Fauns, O Fairies all, and do you see
And suffer such a wrong? a wrong, I trow,
That Nico must with Pas comparèd be.

Pas.

O Nymphs, I tell you news, for Pas you know.
While I was warbling out your wonted praise,
Nico would needs with Pas his bag-pipe blow.

Nico.

If never I did fail your holy-days
With dances, carols, or with barley-break [1],
Let Pas now know how Nico makes the lays.

Pas.

If each day hath been holy for your sake,
Unto my pipe,—O Nymphs, help now my pipe,
For Pas well knows what lays can Nico make.

Nico.

Alas, how oft I look on cherries ripe,
Me thinks I see the lips my Leuca hath,
And wanting her, my weeping eyes I wipe.

Pas.

Alas, when I in spring meet roses rathe [2],
And think from Cosma's sweet red lips I live,
I leave my eyes unwiped, my cheeks to bathe.

Nico.

As I of late near bushes used my sieve,
I spied a thrush where she did make her nest;
That will I take, and to my Leuca give.

[1] *barley-break*, a game something like prisoners' base.
[2] *rathe*, early.

Pas.

But long have I a sparrow gaily dress'd,
As white as milk, and coming to the call,
To put it with my hand in Cosma's breast.

Nico.

I would do so, and Leuca saith I shall;
But when I near did come with heat and hope,
She ran away, and threw at me a ball.

Pas.

Cosma once said she left the wicket ope,
For me to come; and so she did: I came,
But in the place found nothing but a rope.

Nico.

When Leuca doth appear, the sun for shame
Doth hide himself; for to himself he says,
"If Leuca live, she darken will my fame".

Pas.

When Cosma doth come forth, the sun displays
His utmost light; for well his wit doth know,
Cosma's fair beams emblemish much his rays.

Nico.

Leuca to me did yester-morning show,
In perfect light, which could not me deceive,
Her naked leg, more white than whitest snow.

Pas.

But yester-night, by light I did receive
From Cosma's eyes, which full in darkness shine,
I saw her arm, where purest lilies cleave.

Nico.

She once stark naked did bathe a little time;
But still, me thought, with beauties from her fell,
She did the waters wash, and make more fine.[1]

Pas.

She once, to cool herself, stood in a well;
But ever since that well is well besought,
And for rose-water sold of rarest smell.

Nico.

To river's bank being on walking brought,
She bad me spy her baby[2] in the brook.
"Alas," said I, "this babe doth nurse my thought."

Pas.

As in a glass I held she once did look,
I said, my hands well paid her for mine eyes,
Since in my hands' self goodly sight she took.

Nico.

O, if I had a ladder for the skies,
I would climb up, and bring a pretty star,
To wear upon her neck that open lies.

Pas.

O, if I had Apollo's golden car,
I would come down, and yield to her my place,
That, shining now, she then might shine more far.

[1] Compare a similar idea in No. XI., by Sidney's friend, Lord Brooke.
[2] *baby*, reflection.

Nico.

Nothing, O Leuca, shall thy name deface,
While shepherd's tunes be heard, or rhymes be read,
Or while that shepherds love a lovely face.

Pas.

Thy name, O Cosma, shall with praise be spread
As far as any shepherds piping be,
As far as Love possesseth any head.

Nico.

Thy monument is laid in many a tree,
With name engraved; so, though thy body die,
The after-folks shall wonder still at thee.

Pas.

So oft these woods have heard me Cosma cry,
That after death, to heaven in woods' resound,
With Echo's help, shall Cosma Cosma fly.

Nico.

Peace, peace, good Pas; thou weariest even the ground
With sluttish song; I pray thee learn to blea,
For good thou mayst yet prove in sheepish sound.

Pas.

My father hath at home a pretty jay;
Go win of him, for chattering, praise or shame;
For so yet of a conquest speak thou may.

Nico.

Tell me (and be my Pan) the monster's name
That hath four legs, and with two only goes,
That hath four eyes, and only two can frame.

Pas.

Tell me (and Phoebus be) what monster grows
With so strong lives, that body cannot rest
In ease, until that body life foregoes.

Dicus.

Enough, enough; so ill hath done the best,
That since the having them to neither's due,
Let cat and dog fight which shall have both you.

x. A COUNTRY SONG.

THE lad Philisides[1]
Lay by a river side,
In flowery field a gladder eye to please;
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beside;
A widow turtle near on barèd root
Sat wailing without boot.
Each thing both sweet and sad
Did draw his boiling brain
To think, and think with pain
Of Mira's beams, eclipsed by absence bad.
And thus, with eyes made dim
With tears, he said, or sorrow said for him:
'O earth, once answer give;
So may thy stately grace
By north and south still rich adorned live;
So Mira long may be
On thy then blessed face,
Whose foot doth set a heaven on cursèd thee;
I ask, now answer me,

[1] *Philisides*, an anagrammatized form of Phili[p] Sid[ney]. It is used by other writers as a pastoral name for the poet.

If th' author of thy bliss,
Phoebus, that shepherd high,
Do turn from thee his eye,
Doth not thy self, when he long absent is,
Like rogue, all ragged go,
And pine away with daily wasting woe?
Tell me, you wanton brook;
So may your sliding race
Shun loathèd-loving banks with cunning crook;
So in you ever new
Mira may look her face,
And make you fair with shadow of her hue;
So when you pay your due
To mother sea you come,
She chide you not for stay,
Nor beat you for your play;
Tell me, if your diverted springs become
Absented quite from you,
Are you not dried? Can you yourselves renew?
Tell me, you flowers fair,
Cowslip and columbine;
So may your make[1] this wholesome spring time air
With you embracèd lie,
And lately thence untwine,
But with dew drops engender children high;
So may you never die,
But, pull'd by Mira's hand,
Dress bosom hers, or head,
Or scatter on her bed;
Tell me, if husband spring time leave your land
When he from you is sent,
Wither not you, languish'd with discontent?
Tell me, my silly pipe;

[1] *make*, mate.

So may thee still betide
A cleanly cloth thy moistness for to wipe;
So may the cherries red
Of Mira's lips divide
Their sugar'd selves to kiss thy happy head;
So may her ears be led—
Her ears where music lives—
To hear and not despise
Thy lyribliring cries;
Tell if that breath, which thee thy sounding gives,
Be absent far from thee,
Absent alone canst thou, then, piping be?
Tell me, my lamb of gold;
So mayst thou long abide
The day well fed, the night in faithful fold;
So grow thy wool of note
In time, that, richly dyed,
It may be part of Mira's petticoat;
Tell me, if wolves the throat
Have caught of thy dear dam,
Or she from thee be stay'd,
Or thou from her be stray'd,
Canst thou, poor lamb, become another's lamb?
Or rather, till thou die,
Still for thy dam with bea-way-menting cry?
Tell me, O turtle true;
So may no fortune breed
To make thee nor thy better-lovèd rue;
So may thy blessings swarm,
That Mira may thee feed
With hand and mouth, with lap and breast keep warm;
Tell me if greedy arm
Do fondly take away,
With traitor lime, the one,
The other left alone;

Tell me, poor wretch, parted from wretched prey,
Disdain not you the green,
Wailing till death shun you not to be seen?
—Earth, brook, flowers, pipe, lamb, dove
Say all, and I with them,
Absence is death, or worse, to them that love.
So I, unlucky lad,
Whom hills from her do hem,
What fits me now but tears and sighings sad!
O Fortune, too too bad!
I rather would my sheep
Thou 'dst killed with a stroke,
Burnt cabin, lost my cloak,
Than want one hour those eyes which my joys keep.
O, what doth wailing win?
Speech without end were better not begin.
My song, climb thou the wind,
Which Cyprus sweet now gently sendeth in,
That on his wings the level thou mayst find
To hit, but kissing hit
Her ears the weights of wit.
If thou know not for whom thy master dies,
These marks shall make thee wise:
She is the herdress fair that shines in dark,
And gives her kids no food, but willow's bark."
This said, at length he ended
His oft sigh-broken ditty;
Then rose, but rose on legs with faintness bended,
With skin in sorrow dyed,
With face the plot of pity,
With thoughts, which thoughts, their own tormentors,
tried;
He rose, and straight espied
His ram, who to recover
The ewe another loved,

With him proud battle proved.
He envied such a death in sight of lover,
And always westward eying,
More envied Phoebus for his western flying.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

(1554–1628.)

XI. MYRA'S FICKLENESS.

The 22nd 'Sonnet' from the series called *Caelica*, first published in the posthumous folio of 1633, the title-page of which states that the poems were for the most part written "in his youth and familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sidney". Lord Brooke was the friend and biographer of Sidney. His poems have been edited by Dr. Grosart in the *Fuller Worthies Library*.

I, WITH whose colours Myra dress'd her head,
I, that wear posies of her own handmaking,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I look on, in hopé time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arms was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours:
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes?
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,

I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named:
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs, till dead love be awakèd?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,
Was even warned modesty to keep,
While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire:
Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties white?
Yet would she never write her love to me;
Thinks wit of change while thoughts are in delight?
Mad girls must safely love, as they may leave;
No man can print a kiss; lines may deceive.

XII. CAELICA AND PHILOCELL.

The opening of the 76th 'Sonnet' of *Caelica*.

IN the time when herbs and flowers,
Springing out of melting powers,
Teach the earth that heat and rain
Do make Cupid live again:
Late when Sol, like great hearts, shows
Largest as he lowest goes:
Caelica with Philocell
In fellowship together fell.
Caelica, her skin was fair,
Dainty auburn was her hair;
Her hair Nature dyèd brown,
To become the morning gown

Of hope's death, which to her eyes
Offers thoughts for sacrifice.
Philocell was true and kind,
Poor, but not of poorest mind:
Though mischance to harm affected
Hides and holdeth worth suspected.
He good shepherd lovèd well,
But Caelica scorn'd Philocell.
Through enamell'd meads they went,
Quiet she, he passion-rent.
Her worths to him hope did move,
Her worths made him fear to love.
His heart sighs and fain would show,
That which all the world did know:
His heart sigh'd the sighs of fear,
And durst not tell her love was there.
But as thoughts in troubled sleep
Dreaming fear, and fearing weep;
When for help they fain would cry,
Cannot speak, and helpless lie:
So while his heart, full of pain,
Would itself in words complain,
Pain of all pains, lover's fear,
Makes his heart to silence swear.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

(1550?–1607.)

XIII. CYNTHIA.

Sir Edward Dyer had a considerable poetic reputation in his own day, but most of his work was already lost a few years after his death. The little that remains, including several pastorals, has been reprinted by Dr. Grosart in vol. iv. of the *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library*. Collier asserted that Dyer was the author of a translation of *Sixe Idillia* of Theocritus (1588). But a copy of this exists in the Bodleian, and is dedicated, not by, but to E. D. Dr. Grosart took these lines from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1812, where they are stated to have been printed in *The Oxford Herald* from a MS. collection written about 1600.

AMIDST the fairest mountain tops,
Where Zephyrus doth breathe
The pleasant gale, that clothes with flowers
The valleys underneath;
A shepherd lived, that dearly loved
—Dear love time brought to pass—
A forest nymph, who was as fair
As ever woman was.
His thoughts were higher than the hills
Whereof he had the keep,
But all his actions innocent,
As humble as his sheep:
Yet had he power, but her pure thoughts
Debarr'd his powers to rise
Higher than kissing of her hands
Or looking in her eyes.
One day—I need not name the day
To lovers of their sorrows,
But say, as once a shepherd said,
Their moan nights have no morrows—
He from his sheep-cot led his sheep
To pasture in the leas,

And there to feed while he, the while,
Might dream of his disease.
And all alone—if he remain
Alone, that is in love—
Unto himself alone he mourn'd
The passions he did prove.
"O heavens! (quoth he) are these th' effects
Of faithful love's deserts?
Will Cynthia now forsake my love?
Have women faithless hearts?
And will not wits, nor words, nor works,
Nor long endured laments,
Bring to my plaints pity or peace,
Or to my tears contents?
I, that enchain'd my love desires,
From changing thoughts as free,
As ever was true thoughts to her,
Or her thoughts false to me.
I that for her my wandering sheep
Forsook, forgot, forwent,
Nor of my self, nor them took keep,
But in her love's content.
Shall I, like meads with winter's rain,
Be turned into tears?
Shall I, of whose true feeling pain
These griefs the record bears,
Causeless, be scorn'd, disdain'd, despised?
Then, witness this desire,
Love was in woman's weed disguised,
And not in men's attire."
And thus he said, and down he lies,
Sighing as life would part.
"O! Cynthia, thou hast angel's eyes,
But yet a woman's heart."

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

(1540?–1604.)

XIV. FANCY AND DESIRE.

This poem was printed in Deloney's *Garden of Goodwill*, and in Breton's *Bower of Delights* (1591). It is ascribed to Oxford by Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589).

COME hither, shepherd's swain!
"Sir, what do you require?"
I pray thee, shew to me thy name!
"My name is Fond Desire."

When wert thou born, Desire?
"In pomp and prime of May.'
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit, men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
"Fresh Youth, in sugar'd joy."
What was thy meat and daily food?
"Sad sighs, with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drink?
"Unfeigned lovers' tears."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoid of fears."

What lull'd thee then asleep?
"Sweet speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling-place?
"In gentle hearts I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?
"To gaze on beauty still."
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?
"Disdain of my good will."

Doth company displease?
"Yes, surely, many one."
Where doth Desire delight to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either time or age
Bring him unto decay?
"No, no! Desire both lives and dies
A thousand times a day."

Then, fond Desire, farewell!
Thou art no mate for me;
I should be loth, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

A. W.

XV. A FICTION HOW CUPID MADE A NYMPH WOUND HERSELF WITH HIS ARROWS.

From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). It is there signed 'Anomos', which perhaps is intended as equivalent to 'Anonymos': in the later editions it is unsigned. It is included, however, in a catalogue of "Poems in Rhyme and Measured Verse by A. W.", which exists in Francis Davison's handwriting in MS. Harl. 280. Who A. W. may have been remains a mystery, upon which the available information may be found in Mr. A. H. Bullen's introduction to his edition of the *Poetical Rhapsody*. It is probable that the initials do not stand merely for A[nonymous] W[riter]. Davison states, in a preface, that the poems signed 'Anomos' were "written twenty years back, to Sir Philip Sidney living, and of him dead".

IT chanced of late a shepherd's swain,
That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket on the plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,

Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gazed his fill,
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say,
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the God of Love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom if she waked he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Ne dares he any longer stay,
But ere she wakes, hies hence apace.

Scarce was he gone when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain let fly.

Forth flew the shaft and pierced his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might;
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain.

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not the shaft,
Each little touch will prick thy heart;
Alas! thou knowest not Cupid's craft,
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and prick some bare;
Her hands were gloved, and next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she prick'd, and through that breast
Love finds an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord, how the gentle nymph doth start.

She runs not now, she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shafts and bow;
She seeks for that she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
So others do, and so do they.
The God of Love sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.

JOHN LYLY.

(1554–1606.)

XVI. SPRING'S WELCOME.

From *Alexander and Campaspe* (1584), probably acted about 1581. The songs, however, of all Lyly's plays, first appeared in the collective edition of 1632. Several of these plays have a pastoral element in the dialogue, notably *Galathea* (1592).

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O! 't is the ravish'd nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,

And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song[1]! who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!

GEORGE PEELE.

(1558?–1592?.)

XVII. THE HANDIWORK OF FLORA.

This and the next extract are from the charming drama of *The Arraignment of Paris*, in which the old dispute of the three goddesses is resolved by the award of the golden apple to—Elizabeth. The play was published in 1584, and acted at Court by the children of the Queen's Chapel, probably in 1581.

Pan.

FLORA, well met, and for thy taken pain,
Poor country gods, thy debtors we remain.

Flora.

Believe me, Pan, not all thy lambs and ewes,
Nor Faunus, all thy lusty bucks and does,
—But that I am instructed well to know
What service to the hills and dales I owe—
Could have enforced me to so strange a toil,
Thus to enrich this gaudy, gallant soil.

[1] *prick-song*, music written or pricked down, and therefore more elaborate than 'plain-song'.

Faunus.

But tell me, wench, hast done 't so trick indeed,
That heaven itself may wonder at the deed?

Flora.

Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-coloured flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide
That at the bottom do in silence slide,
The water-flowers and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phoebe may delight to be,
The primrose and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass:
That well the mighty Juno, and the rest,
May boldly think to be a welcome guest
On Ida's hills, when to approve the thing
The Queen of Flowers prepares a second spring.

Silvanus.

Thou gentle nymph, what thanks shall we repay
To thee that makest our fields and woods so gay?

Flora.

Silvanus, when it is thy hap to see
My workmanship in portraying all the three;

First stately Juno with her port and grace,
Her robes, her lawns, her crownet, and her mace,
Would make thee muse this picture to behold,
Of yellow oxlips bright as burnish'd gold.

Pomona.

A rare device: and Flora well, perdy,
Did paint her yellow for her jealousy.

Flora.

Pallas in flowers of hue and colours red;
Her plumes, her helm, her lance, her Gorgon's head,
Her trailing tresses that hang flaring round,
Of July-flowers[1] so graffed in the ground,
That, trust me, sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be she.

Pan.

Good Flora, by my flock, 't were very good
To dight her all in red resembling blood.

Flora.

Fair Venus of sweet violets in blue,
With other flowers infix'd for change of hue;
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and her rings,
Her dainty fan, and twenty other things,
Her lusty mantle waving in the wind,
And every part in colour and in kind;
And for her wreath of roses, she nill dare
With Flora's cunning counterfeit compare.
So that what living wight shall chance to see
These goddesses, each placed in her degree,
Portrayed by Flora's workmanship alone,
Must say that art and nature met in one.

[1] *July-flowers*, gilliflowers, stocks, or sometimes, wall-flowers.

Silvanus.

A dainty draught to lay her down in blue,
The colour commonly betokening true.

Flora.

This piece of work, compact with many a flower,
And well laid in at entrance of the bower,
Where Phoebe means to make this meeting royal,
Have I prepared to welcome them withal.

XVIII. THE SONG OF PARIS AND ŒNONE.

Œnone.

FAIR and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Œnone.

My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both.

They that do change, &c.

Œnone.

Fair and fair, &c.

Paris.

Fair and fair, &c.
Thy love is fair, &c.

Œnone.

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
  Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change, &c.

Paris.

They that do change, &c.

Both.

Fair and fair, &c.

XIX. THE HARVESTERS' SONG.

From *The Old Wives' Tale* (1595), probably acted about 1590.

ALL ye that lovely lovers be,
  Pray you for me.
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit;
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

ROBERT GREENE.

Greene's stories and pamphlets are sprinkled with verses, many of them pastoral in character. The first two here given are from his *Menaphon* (1589), a pastoral romance on the model of the *Arcadia*.

(1560?–1592.)

XX. DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning-grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela.

Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela.

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony:
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she 's Samela.

Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

XXI. DORON'S ECLOGUE JOINED WITH CARMELA'S.

A specimen of burlesque pastoral. Doron is not impossibly a skit on Greene's rival, Kyd.

Doron.

SIT down, Carmela; here are cobs for kings,
Sloes black as jet or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah Doron! ah my heart! thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow;
Thine eyes are like the glow-worms in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
The sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;
Within thy cap 't is thou shalt wear my glove;
At football sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled there withal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air:
Would God, thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine!

Carmela.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

Doron.

'T is Love, Carmela, ah, 't is cruel Love!
That, like a slave and caitiff villain-thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behove.

Carmela.

Where was he born?

Doron.

In faith, I know not where;
But I have heard much talking of his dart:
Ay me, poor man! with many a trampling tear
I feel him wound the fore horse of my heart.

What, do I love? O, no, I do but talk:
What, shall I die for love? O, no, not so.
What, am I dead? O, no, my tongue doth walk:
Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

Carmela.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Even with this garland made of holly hocks
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss:

Heigh-ho, how glad I am to touch thy locks!
My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

Carmela.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you;
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you;
I seal your charter-patent with my thumbs:
Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

XXII. THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE.

This and the following are from Greene's *Mourning Garment* (1590), a romance containing a pastoral episode.

IT was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phoebus in could pry,
To see if lovers in the thick
Could dally with a wanton trick:
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep;
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young; his coat was green,
With welts of white seam'd between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap;

Skirtès side[1] and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee;
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Servèd for a bonnet oft
To shroud him from the wet aloft;
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig[2]
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master gang to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderliefest[3] swain of all.
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life;
Fair she was as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blythe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.

[1] *side*, long. [2] *whig*, a drink made from whey.
[3] *alderliefest*; *lief* is 'charming'; *alder*, a genitive form, 'of all'.

Love did lie within her eyes
In ambush for some wanton prize.
A liefer lass than this had been
Coridon had never seen,
Nor was Phyllis, that fair may,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent;
A neck as white as whalès-bone,
Compass'd with a lace of stone.
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

XXIII. THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe[1];
And blither too,

[1] *sithe*, time.

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

XXIV. CONTENT.

Sung by 'a country wench' at the end of *Farewell to Folly* (1591), a story of a prodigal son.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

XXV. PHILOMELA'S SECOND ODE.

From the romance, not itself a pastoral, of *Philomela* (1592).

IT was frosty winter season,
And fair Flora's wealth was geason[1].
Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers diapered,
Had tawny veils; cold had scanted
What the spring and nature planted.

[1] *geason*, rich and rare.

Leafless boughs there might you see,
All except fair Daphne's tree;
On their twigs no birds perch'd;
Warmer coverts now they search'd;
And by nature's secret reason,
Framed their voices to the season,
With their feeble tunes bewraying
How they grieved the spring's decaying.
Frosty winter thus had gloom'd
Each fair thing that summer bloom'd;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers wither'd, birds were sad:
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold.
Himself sitting on the grass,
That with frost wither'd was,
Sighing deeply, thus gan say;
'Love is folly when astray;
Like to love no passion such;
For 't is madness, if too much,
If too little, then despair;
If too high, he beats the air
With bootless cries; if too low,
An eagle matcheth with a crow;
Thence grow jars. Thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind;
Yet do men most desire
To be heated with this fire,
Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
That they burn, yet feel it not.
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind;
That is, when a wanton eye
Leads desire clean awry,
And with the bee doth rejoice

Every minute to change choice,
Counting he were then in bliss,
If that each fair face were his.
Highly thus is love disgraced,
When the lover is unchaste,
And would taste of fruit forbidden,
'Cause the scape is easily hidden.
Though such love be sweet in brewing,
Bitter is the end ensuing;
For the honour of love he shameth,
And himself with lust defameth;
For a minute's pleasure gaining,
Fame and honour ever staining.
Gazing thus so far awry,
Last the chip falls in his eye;
Then it burns that erst but heat him,
And his own rod 'gins to beat him;
His choicest sweets turn to gall;
He finds lust his sin's thrall;
That wanton women in their eyes
Men's deceivings do comprise;
That homage done to fair faces
Doth dishonour other graces.
If lawless love be such a sin,
Cursèd is he that lives therein,
For the gain of Venus' game
Is the downfall unto shame."
Here he pausèd, and did stay;
Sigh'd, and rose, and went away.

THOMAS LODGE.

(1556?–1625.)

XXVI. THE SOLITARY SHEPHERD'S SONG.

From his romance *A Margarite of America* (1589). Most of Lodge's works have been reprinted by the Hunterian Club, and many of the lyrics are in Mr. A. H. Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances*. *Phillis* is to be found in Arber's *English Garner* and *Rosalynde* in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*.

O SHADY vales, O fair enriched meads,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains,
O painted flowers, green herbs, where Flora treads,
Refresh'd by wanton winds, and watery fountains.

O all you winged choristers of wood,
That perch'd aloft your former pains report,
And straight again recount with pleasant mood
Your present joys in sweet and seemly sort.

O all you creatures, whosoever thrive
On mother earth, in seas, by air or fire;
More blest are you, than I here under sun;
Love dies in me, when as he doth revive
In you; I perish under beauty's ire,
Where after storms, winds, frosts, your life is won.

XXVII. A LAMENT IN SPRING.

From *Scylla's Metamorphosis* (1589).

THE earth, late choked with showers,
Is now array'd in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen[1]:
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

[1] *teen*, sorrow.

The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothèd gay;
And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play:
Where I am clothed with black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices:
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have:
They free, I thrall; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

XXVIII. A POET'S VOW.

This and the two following poems are from the pastoral romance of *Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacy* (1590), adapted by Shakespeare in *As You Like It.*

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves;
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves;
The April flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried;

And poets scorn the Muse's quills,
And fish forsake the water glide;
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turn to peace,
And love relent in deep disdain;
And death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And envy pity every pain;
And pleasure mourn, and sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First time shall stay his stayless race,
And winter bless his brows with corn;
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And winter spring, and summer mourn,
Before my pen by help of fame
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

XXIX. MONTANUS' SONNET.

PHOEBE sat,
Sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phoebe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye;
Brow and eye how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent;
Sighs and words could never draw her.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phoebe sat
By a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spied her:
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice;
Touch and voice what may distain[1] you?
As she sang,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
Oh mine eyes!
You did lose
Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

Phoebe's flocks
White as wool,
Yet were Phoebe's locks more whiter.
Phoebe's eyes
Dovelike mild,
Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruel;
Montan swears,
In your lamps
He will die for to delight her.
Phoebe, yield,
Or I die:
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

XXX. MONTANUS' SONNET.

A TURTLE sat upon a leafless tree,
Mourning her absent pheer[2],
With sad and sorry cheer:
About her wondering stood

[1] *distain*, stain. [2] *pheer*, mate, love.

The citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her love laments,
The stately trees complain them,
The birds with sorrow pain them:
Each one that doth her view,
Her pain and sorrows rue:
But were the sorrows known
That me hath overthrown,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did look on me?

The lovesick Polypheme that could not see,
Who on the barren shore
His fortunes doth deplore,
And melteth all in moan
For Galatea gone;
And with his piteous cries,
Afflicts both earth and skies,
And to his woe betook,
Doth break both pipe and hook:
For whom complains the morn,
For whom the sea nymphs mourn;
Alas, his pain is naught;
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did look on me?

Beyond compare my pain:
Yet glad am I,
If gentle Phoebe deign
To see her Montan die.

XXXI. PHILLIS.

This and the two next are from *Phillis, honoured with Pastoral Sonnets* (1593). No. XXXI was printed in *England's Helicon* (1600), with the initials S.E.D. It has therefore been ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer, but Lodge's claim is the earlier by seven years.

MY Phillis hath the morning-sun
At first to look upon her;
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds
Her risings for to honour;
My Phillis hath prime-feather'd flowers
That smile when she treads on them,
And Phillis hath a gallant flock
That leaps since she doth own them:
But Phillis hath so hard a heart
(Alas that she should have it!)
As yields no mercy to desert,
Nor grace to those that crave it.

Sweet sun, when thou look'st on,
Pray her regard my moan;
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
To yield some pity, woo her;
Sweet flowers, whenas she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty deads one:
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her, before I die she will come see me.

XXXII. LOVE AND PHILLIS.

LOVE guides the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee:
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.
Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,

And sleeps within their pretty shine:
And if I look the boy will lour,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.
Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same:
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.
Love let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye,
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lours,
Then will I praise thy deity.
But if thou do not love, I 'll truly serve her,
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

XXXIII. ON PHILLIS' SICKNESS.

HOW languisheth the primrose of love's garden?
How trill her tears th' elixir of my senses:
Ambitious sickness, what doth thee so harden,
O spare and plague thou me for her offences.
Ah roses, love's fair roses, do not languish,
Blush through the milk-white veil that holds you cover'd.
If heat or cold may mitigate your anguish,
I 'll burn, I 'll freeze, but you shall be recover'd.
Good God, would beauty mark, now she is crazèd,
How but one shower of sickness makes her tender:
Her judgments then to mark my woes amazèd,
To mercy should opinion's fort surrender:
And I—O would I might, or would she meant it—
Should hurrah love, who now in heart lament it.

THOMAS NASH.

(1567–1601?.)

XXXIV. SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING.

From his only surviving comedy, *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (1600). It was acted at Croydon in the autumn of 1592, probably before Elizabeth, and possibly at Archbishop Whitgift's palace. It has been reprinted by Dr. Grosart in his "Huth Library" edition of Nash.

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
"Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo".

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
"Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo".

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
"Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo".
Spring, the sweet spring!

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(1564–1593.)

XXXV. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Printed as Shakespeare's in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), and again with the true author's name in *England's Helicon* (1600). It is also quoted as "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe" in Walton's *Compleat Angler*. For some of the numerous replies and imitations which it provoked see Nos. XL, XLI, and CIX.

COME live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;

If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THOMAS WATSON.

(1557?–1592.)

XXXVI. A LAMENT FOR MELIBOEUS.

A fragment from the long *Eglogue upon the Death of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham* (1590), being an English version of the poet's *Meliboeus* (1590). An earlier Latin pastoral of Watson's, *Amyntas* (1585), was surreptitiously translated into English hexameters by Abraham Fraunce as *The Lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phillis*, or *The Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church*. A third pastoral, also in Latin, the *Amyntae Gaudia*, appeared after Watson's death in 1592.

O TITYRUS, thy plaint is over-long,
Have pause a while, at Corydon's request:
Of what is wanting in thy farfet[1] song,
My mourning voice shall strive to tell the rest.
But I must sorrow in a lower vein,
Not like to thee, whose words have wings at will:
An humble style befits a simple swain,
My Muse shall pipe but on an oaten quill.
Immortal Fauni, Satyrs, and great Pan,
The Gods and guiders of our fruitful soil,
Come seat yourselves by me, and wail the man,
Whose death was hasten'd by his virtuous toil.
Ye comely Graces, neither dance nor play,
Nor comb your beauteous tresses in the sun,
But now since Meliboeus is away,
Sit down and weep, for wanton days are done.
Now in the woods be leafless every tree,
And bear not pleasant fruits as heretofore
Myrrha, let weeping gums distil from thee,

[1] *farfet*, far-fetched.

And help to make my doleful plaint the more.
Now in the woods let night-rauns[1] croak by day,
And gladless owls shriek out, and vultures groan:
But smaller birds that sweetly sing and play,
Be whist and still: for you can make no moan.
Now in the fields each corn hang down his head,
Since he is gone that weeded all our corn:
And sprouting vines, wither till you be dead,
Since he is dead, that shielded you from storm.
Now in the fields rot, fruits, while you are green,
Since he is gone that used to graft and grace you:
And die, fair flowers, since he no more is seen,
That in Diana's garland used to place you.
O herds and tender flocks, O hand-smooth plains,
O Echo dwelling both in mount and valley:
O Groves and bubbling springs, O nymphs, O swains,
O young and old, O weep, all Arcady.
Alas, too soon by Destin's fatal knife
Sweet Meliboeus is deprived of life.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

(1562?–1619.)

XXXVII. AN ODE.

This and the following are from the lyrical poems appended to the sonnets of *Delia* (1592). Daniel also wrote two 'pastoral tragi-comedies', *The Queen's Arcadia*, played at Christ Church in 1605 and published in 1606, and *Hymen's Triumph* (1615). Both may be seen in Dr. Grosart's edition of his works (vol. iii.).

NOW each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers;

[1] *rauns*, ravens.

Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap;
My field of flowers quite bereaven
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
Doth me and my love despise;
My life's flourish is decay'd
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd;
And well he ends, for love who dies.

XXXVIII. A PASTORAL.

O HAPPY, golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropp'd from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile
Th' eternal flowering spring,

Wherein lived every thing;
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile:
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores or wars or wares ill sought.

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd Honour, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found;
Nor yet sad griefs imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful, amorous wights;
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born hearts;
But golden laws like these
Which nature wrote—*That's lawful, which doth please.*

Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers without conflict, without flame;
And nymphs and shepherds sings,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisperings with songs, then kisses with the same,
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom seen;
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves consorting were.

Honour, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight;

Denying water to the amorous thirst,
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reversed.
Thou in a lawn did'st first
Those golden hairs incase,
Late spread unto the wind;
Thou madest loose grace unkind;
Gavest bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour, it is thou
That makest that stealth, which Love doth free allow.

It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus.
But thou, fierce lord of Nature and of Love,
The qualifier of kings;
What dost thou here with us,
That are below thy power, shut from above?
Go, and from us remove;
Trouble the mighty's sleep;
Let us neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
Let 's love—this life of ours
Can make no truce with Time that all devours—
Let 's love; the sun doth set, and rise again;
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

(1574–1627.)

XXXIX. AN ODE.

From *Poems in Divers Humours* (1598). This poem, with another from the same volume, was printed as Shakespeare's in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), but there can be little doubt that it is really by Barnfield. Another pastoral of Barnfield's is *The Affectionate Shepherd* (1594). His poems have been edited by Dr. Grosart, and also by Prof. Arber, in *The English Scholar's Library.*

AS it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She (poor bird) as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
"Fie, fie, fie", now would she cry
"Teru, teru", by and by:
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain:
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead:
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead.

All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery:
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful, they will him call.
And with such-like flattering,
Pity but he were a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice.
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandëment.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief, in heart,
He, with thee, doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend, from flattering foe.

JOHN DONNE.

(1573–1631.)

XL. THE BAIT.

An imitation of Marlowe's poem (No. XXXV). It appeared in the first edition of Donne's poems, published in 1633, after his death, but like most of Donne's lyrical pieces, it was probably written in his youth, and may be conjecturally dated 1593–1600.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun;
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen be'st loth
By sun or moon, thou darkenest both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,

Or curious traitors, sleave-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(1552–1618.)

XLI. A REPLY TO MARLOWE.

The first verse was printed, together with Marlowe's poem (No. XXXV), in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599); the whole appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600). Here it was originally signed S. W. R., but a slip of paper was pasted over these initials, bearing the word *Ignoto*. It is quoted and ascribed to Raleigh in Walton's *Compleat Angler*. Raleigh also wrote a long pastoral poem in honour of Elizabeth, under the title of *Cynthia*. This is alluded to in Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, where Raleigh is the 'Shepherd of the Ocean'. Only a fragment of *Cynthia* has survived; it may be seen with the rest of Raleigh's verse in Archdeacon Hannah's *Courtly Poets*.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;

A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XLII. THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

This is not certainly Raleigh's. It is anonymous in *The Phoenix Nest* (1593). In *England's Helicon* it originally had his initials, but these were cancelled as in the case of the last poem. It is anonymous also in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602), but in Harl. MS. 280, f. 99, a manuscript catalogue by Francis Davison of the poems in the *Rhapsody*, it is ascribed to Raleigh.

Meliboeus.

SHEPHERD, what's love, I pray thee tell?

Faustus.

It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell[1]
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is love as I heard tell.

[1] *Sauncing-bell*, the Sanctus or Sacring-bell, rung at mass when the Host is elevated.

Meliboeus.

Yet what is love, I prithee say?

Faustus.

It is a work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty bloods, in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of the play;
And this is love as I hear say.

Meliboeus.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?

Faustus.

It is a sunshine mix'd with rain;
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain;
And this is love, as I hear sain.

Meliboeus.

Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?

Faustus.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then, nymphs, take 'vantage while ye may;
And this is love, as I hear say.

Meliboeus.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?

Faustus.

A thing that creeps; it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;

A thing for one, a thing for moe;
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow

ANTHONY MUNDAY.

(1554-1633.)

XLIII. TO COLIN CLOUT.

This is one of seven poems to which the name of 'Shepherd Tony' is attached in *England's Helicon* (1600). The authorship was long a matter of dispute, but as the present one has been found by Mr. Bullen in Munday's *Primaleon* (1619), and another in his *Two Italian Gentlemen* (1584), there no longer can be any doubt that they are his.

BEAUTY sat bathing in a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden:
But better memory said, fie,
So vain desire was chidden.
Hey nonny, nonny, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreams do smile
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while,
As when I fell a-sleeping.
Hey nonny, nonny, &c.

IGNOTO.

XLIV. PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL.

From *England's Helicon* (1600).

Phillida. CORYDON, arise, my Corydon,
Titan shineth clear.
Corydon. Who is that calleth Corydon,
Who is it that I hear?
Phillida. Phillida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then;
Arise and keep thy flock with me.
Corydon. Phillida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phillida. Here are cherries ripe, my Corydon,
Eat them for my sake.
Corydon. Here 's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
Phillida. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings white as milk.
Corydon. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phillida. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
Corydon. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
Phillida. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.

Corydon. I will buy my true love yellow say[1],
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phillida. When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—
Corydon. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily—
Phillida. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.
Corydon. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phillida. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been (alack) her swain:
Corydon. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain:
Phillida. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring
My Corydon to play withal.
Corydon. The queen of love had been excused,
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.

Phillida. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
Whither shall I fly?
Corydon. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Phillida. Say to her thy true love was not here:
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.

[1] *say*, silk.

Corydon. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear:
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heaven keep our loves alway.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

(1555–1615).

XLV. DAMELUS' SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA.

From *England's Helicon* (1600). Constable's poems have been edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt.

DIAPHENIA like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

NICHOLAS BRETON.

(1545–1626.)

XLVI. OLDEN LOVE-MAKING.

Printed by Dr. Grosart in his elaborate edition of Breton's *Works* from the Cosens MS.

IN time of yore when shepherds dwelt
  Upon the mountain-rocks;
And simple people never felt
  The pain of lovers' mocks:
But little birds would carry tales
  'Twixt Susan and her sweeting,
And all the dainty nightingales
  Did sing at lovers' meeting:
Then might you see what looks did pass
  Where shepherds did assemble,
And where the life of true love was
  When hearts could not dissemble.

Then "yea" and "nay" was thought an oath
  That was not to be doubted,
And when it came to "faith" and "troth",
  We were not to be flouted.
Then did they talk of curds and cream,
  Of butter, cheese, and milk;
There was no speech of sunny beam
  Nor of the golden silk.
Then for a gift a row of pins,
  A purse, a pair of knives,
Was all the way that love begins;
  And so the shepherd wives.

But now we have so much ado,
And are so sore aggrievèd,
That when we go about to woo
We cannot be believèd;
Such choice of jewels, rings, and chains,
That may but favour move,
And such intolerable pains
Ere one can hit on love;
That if I still shall bide this life
'Twixt love and deadly hate,
I will go learn the country life
Or leave the lover's state.

XLVII. PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

This was printed in *The Queen's Majesty's Entertainment at Elvetham* (1591), but it is not supposed that the whole of that *Entertainment* is by Breton. It also appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600).

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood side
When as May was in his pride;
There I spièd all alone
Phillida and Coridon.
Much ado there was, God wot;
He would love and she would not;
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you;
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, love should have no wrong.
Coridon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all:
Then she made the shepherd call

All the heavens to witness truth;
Never loved a truer youth.
Then with many a pretty oath,
"Yea" and "nay", and "faith" and "troth";
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;
Love, which had been long deludèd,
Was with kisses sweet concludèd;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.

XLVIII. A SWEET PASTORAL.

From Breton's *Bower of Delights* (1591), and *England's Helicon* (1600).

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, be gone awhile,
Thou knowest my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,

With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phillida the Fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights
It is but mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou knowest what help is best;
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray,
What Fate shall be my friend;
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

XLIX. THE SECOND PASTOR'S SONG.

This and No. L are from *The Passionate Shepherd* (1604).

FLORA hath been all about,
And hath brought her wardrobe out,
With her fairest, sweetest flowers,
All to trim up all your bowers.

Bid the shepherds and their swains
See the beauty of their plains;
And command them with their flocks
To do reverence on the rocks;
Where they may so happy be
As her shadow but to see.
Bid the birds in every bush,
Not a bird to be at hush;
But to sit, chirrup and sing
To the beauty of the spring.
Call the sylvan nymphs together,
Bid them bring their musics hither;
Trees their barky silence break,
Crack yet, though they cannot speak.
Bid the purest, whitest swan
Of her feathers make her fan.
Let the hound the hare go chase;
Lambs and rabbits run at base;
Flies be dancing in the sun,
While the silkworm's webs are spun.
Hang a fish on every hook
As she goes along the brook;
So with all your sweetest powers
Entertain her in your bowers;
Where her ear my joy to hear
How ye make your sweetest quire;
And in all your sweetest vein,
Still Aglaia strike the strain.
But when she her walk doth turn,
Then begin as fast to mourn;
All your flowers and garlands wither,
Put up all your pipes together;
Never strike a pleasing strain
Till she come abroad again.

L. THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG.

WHO can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green baulk[1]
May at pleasure sit and walk?
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise!
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by;
Or along the shallow brook
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box,
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-hair'd coney
On a bank for sunny place
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these worth thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know?
The true pleasing spirits' sights
That may breed true love's delights.
But with all this happiness
To behold that shepherdess

[1] *baulk*, bank.

To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field;
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
In whose worthy wonder's praise
See what her true shepherd says.
—She is neither proud nor fine,
But in spirit more divine;
She can neither lour nor leer,
But a sweeting, smiling cheer;
She had never painted face,
But a sweeter smiling grace;
She can never love dissemble,
That when wisdom guides her will
She is kind and constant still;
All in sum, she is that creature
Of that truest comfort's nature
That doth shew (but in exceedings)
How their praises had their breedings.
Let then poets feign their pleasure
In their fictions of love's treasure;
Proud high spirits seek their graces
In their idol painted faces;
My love's spirits' lowliness,
In affection's humbleness,
Under heaven no happiness
Seeks, but in this shepherdess.
For whose sake I say and swear
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place,
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad;
Hard to lie and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare;

So I might but live to be,
Where I might but sit to see
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song;
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly Paradise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(1564–1616.)

LI. SPRING.

From *Love's Labour's Lost* (1589?), Act v. Scene 2.

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo": O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo",—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

LII. WHO IS SYLVIA?

From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (1591?), Act iv. Scene 2.

WHO is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

LIII. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

From *As You Like It* (1599?), Act ii. Scene 5. The play is founded on Lodge's pastoral romance of *Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacy* (1590).

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

LIV. IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

From *As You Like It*, Act v. Scene 3.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

LV. A SHEEP-SHEARING.

From *The Winter's Tale* (1610?), Act iv. Scene 4. The play is founded on Greene's pastoral romance of *Pandosto, or Dorastus and Fawnia* (1588).

PERDITA *to* POLIXENES.

SIR, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Camillo.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Polixenes. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art

That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

Camillo. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st
friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Florizel. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepès fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray,

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clown. Come on, strike up!
Dorcas. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mopsa. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up.

Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shepherd. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

LVI. AN INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT.

From *The Tempest* (1610), Act iv. Scene 1.

IRIS *speaks.*

CERES, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover[1], them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned[2] and twilled[3] brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou dost thyself air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[4] acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—Why hath thy queen

[1] *stover*, winter fodder.

[2] *pioned*, either 'dug out', by the current or by water-voles; or 'covered with peonies', the Warwickshire name for 'marsh-marigolds'.

[3] *twilled*, covered with 'twills' or 'reeds'.

[4] *bosky*, bushy.

Summon'd me hither, to this short grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mar's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

Ceres. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres. Earthës increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Prospero. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Ferdinand. Let me live here for ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*]

Prospero. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;

Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

[*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance.*]

LVII. KING HENRY'S AMBITION.

From the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*, Act ii. Scene 5. Shakespeare's part in the play is probably very small; but he may have contributed these and other lines to it about 1592.

KING HENRY *speaks.*

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean[1];
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sheep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

[1] *ean*, bear.

LVIII. YOUTH AND AGE.

From W. Jaggard's piratical volume, *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599). These lines have not been assigned to any other writer than Shakespeare, and may be his.

CRABBED age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

ROBERT JONES.

(flor. 1616.)

LIX. MY LOVE.

From the *Second Book of Songs and Airs* (1601).

MY love is neither young nor old,
Not fiery-hot nor frozen-cold,
But fresh and fair as springing-briar
Blooming the fruit of love's desire;
Not snowy-white nor rosy-red,
But fair enough for shepherd's bed;
And such a love was never seen
On hill or dale or country-green.

IGNOTO.

LX. PHILLIS.

Printed by Mr. A. H. Bullen from the British Museum Addl. MS. 18936, in his *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books.*

PHILLIS, a herd-maid dainty,
Who hath no peer for beauty,
By Thyrsis was requested
To hear the wrongs wherewith his heart was wrested;
But she Diana servèd,
And would not hear how Love poor lovers starvèd.

Phillis, more white than lilies,
More fair than Amaryllis,
More cold than crystal fountain,
More hard than craggy rock or stony mountain,
O tiger, fierce and spiteful,
Why hatest thou love sith love is so delightful?

THOMAS CAMPION.

(?–1619.)

LXI. AMARYLLIS.

From Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Airs* (1601). Campion's works, long neglected, have been edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

I CARE not for these ladies
That must be woo'd and pray'd,
Give me kind Amaryllis,
The wanton country maid:
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own:

Her when we court and kiss,
She cries, 'Forsooth, let go!'
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say 'No'.

If I love Amaryllis,
She gives me fruit and flowers;
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries, 'Forsooth, let go!'
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say 'No'.

These ladies must have pillows
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought;
And fresh Amaryllis,
With milk and honey fed,
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries, 'Forsooth, let go!'
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say 'No'.

LXII. JACK AND JOAN.

From *Two Books of Airs* (*circa* 1613).

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-day's work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day:

Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy[1] ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her window with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties[2] make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss;
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the homespun gray
And revel in your rich array;
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train
Securer lives the silly swain.

[1] *nappy*, strong.
[2] *tutties*, nosegays. The word still survives in Dorset dialect.

IGNOTO.

LXIII. PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

From a broadsheet of about 1600, in the Roxburghe Collection. See the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth's edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 460. This is the earliest of the various 17th-century versions of the poem, which differ greatly.

OH! what a plague is love,
How shall I bear it?
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
It so torments my mind,
That my strength faileth.
She wavers with the wind,
As the ship saileth.
Please her the best you may,
She looks another way.
Alas and well a day!
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair yesterday,
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
I could not get her.
Dick had her to the wine,
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she would not glance.
Oh thrice unhappy chance!
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me.

I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me.
She 'll give me when she dies,
All things that 's fitting,
Her poultry and her bees
And her geese sitting;
A pair of mallard's beds,
And barrel full of shreds:
And yet for all this goods,
Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream,
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting;
Whig[1] and whey till thou burst
And bramble berries,
Pie-lid and pasty-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin;
All is not worth a pin,
Phillida flouts me.

Cupid hath shot his dart,
And hath me wounded;
It prick'd my tender heart,
And ne'er rebounded.
I was a fool to scorn
His bow and quiver;
I am like one forlorn,
Sick of a fever.
Now I may weep and mourn,

[1] *whig*, a drink made of whey.

Whilst with Love's flames I burn;
Nothing will serve my turn;
Phillida flouts me.

I am a lively lad,
Howe'er she take me;
I am not half so bad,
As she would make me.
Whether she smile or frown,
She may deceive me.
Ne'er a girl in the town,
But fain would have me.
Since she doth from me fly,
Now I may sigh and die,
And never cease to cry
Phillida flouts me.

In the last month of May
I made her posies;
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gilliflowers
And the white lily,
I brought to deck the bowers
For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore it 's flat and plain
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me:
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me.
For Doll the dairy-maid
Laugh'd at me lately,

And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One cast milk on my clothes,
T' other play'd with my nose;
What wanton toys are those?
Phillida flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Grief wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I fade and pine away,
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay
Like any shadow;
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year;
All is for grief and care;
Phillida flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with good Coventry[1],
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she frown,
She shall not wear it;
I 'll give it Doll my maid,
And she shall tear it.
Since 't will no better be,
I 'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

[1] *Coventry*, cloth of Coventry blue.

THOMAS DEKKER.

(1575?–1640?)

LXIV. O, SWEET CONTENT!

From *Patient Grissell* (1603), by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton. Mr. Bullen thinks that the songs are clearly Dekker's.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O, sweet content! O, sweet, &c.

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O, sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O, sweet content, &c.
Work apace, apace, &c.

LXV. COUNTRY GLEE.

From *The Sun's Darling* (1656), by Ford and Dekker.

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen:
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green;

Sing, dance, and play,
'T is holiday;
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl,
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in a prince's courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow:
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'T is a sport to content a king.
So ho ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing[1] kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark, how they ring!

[1] *sousing*, swooping.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

(1572?–1641?.)

LXVI. PHILLIS.

From *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* (1607). It was, however, first printed in Breton's *Bower of Delights* (1591).

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.

Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking, she may wonder.
Say to her, 't is her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

(1563–1631.)

LXVII. CASSAMEN AND DOWSABEL.

A tale told by the Shepherd Motto in the eighth *Eclogue*. The *Eclogues* first appeared in *Idea, the Shepherd's Garland* (1593), and again, in a somewhat altered form, in *Poems Lyric and Pastoral* (1605?), and in the folio volume of 1619.

Most of Drayton's pastoral poetry was written under the assumed name of Rowland, in honour of a lady whom he calls Idea, and who was really Anne Goodyere, daughter of Sir Henry Goodyere of Polesworth, in Arden, and afterwards wife to Sir Henry Rainsford of Clifford Chambers, in Gloucestershire. There is unfortunately no complete modern edition of Drayton; some of his poems are to be found in Collier's Roxburghe Club volume (1856), others in Mr. A. H. Bullen's *Selections* (1883), others again in an edition begun by the Rev. R. Hooper. The Spenser Society propose to publish reprints of the original editions.

FAR in the country of Arden,
There wonn'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras:[1]
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good sir Topas.[2]

[1] *Isenbras.* There is a metrical mediæval romance of *Sir Isumbras.*

[2] *Sir Topas.* The *Rime of Sir Thopas*, a burlesque on the romance of chivalry, is one of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.*

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter clepèd Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free:
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yconn'd the leir[1]
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine[2],
And with the needle work:
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holyday,
And sing a psalm in kirk.

She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see:
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Ywrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent:
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall[3],
The honey-suckle, the charlock,
The lily, and the lady smock,
To deck her summer hall.

[1] *she was yconn'd the leir*; she knew the learning.
[2] *march-pine*, sweet biscuit. [3] *setywall*, valerian.

Thus as she wander'd here and there,
And picked of the bloomy briar,
She chancèd to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like Chanty-clear he crowed crank [1],
And piped full merrily.

He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round:
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And that the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

This shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest lock,
That could be cut with sheer.
His mittons were of bauzons' [2] skin
His cockers [3] were of cordiwin [4],
His hood of miniver [5].

His awl and lingel [6] in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Cointree [7] blue

[1] *crank*, cheerfully. [2] *bauzon*, badger. [3] *cockers*, boots.
[4] *cordiwin*, leather. [5] *miniver*, white fur.
[6] *lingel*, thread. [7] *Cointree*, Coventry.

Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.

And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which likèd Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tuckèd up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear his melody.

"Thy sheep", quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd's swain,
The which can pipe so well":
"Yes, but," saith he, "their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May."

With that she 'gan to vail her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said;

With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, "I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee".
"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me."

Saith she, "Yet liever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men".
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower."
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be
Unto her paramour."

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kiss'd.
With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy.
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blest".

LXVIII. DAFFODIL.

From the ninth *Eclogue* of the later editions, which did not appear in that of 1593.

Batte.

GORBO, as thou camest this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou through the fields did stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

She 's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white;

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Tho' Phoebus' paramours.

Gorbo.

Thou well describest the daffodil;
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte.

Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo.

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,

Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

Batte.

Yet, Gorbo, thou deludest me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo.

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil:

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffodil.

Batte.

Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill;
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy;
Let us to Daffodil.

LXIX. SIRENA.

From *The Shepherd's Sirena* (1627).

NEAR to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places,
Twisting an anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belong'd to them,
Most to renown her.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better.
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,
Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever;
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.

Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner;
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over;
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth,
As though it suffer'd wrong;
The morning weepeth.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Oft have I seen the sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her:
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.

Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Straight to renew them;
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth;
Nor flower is so sweet
In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
Leaveth some tincture.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

The fishes in the flood,
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive a good
Them to intangle;
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter;
Therewith to pave the mould
Whereon she passes,

So herself to behold
As in her glasses.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

When she looks out by night,
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing;
As wondering at her eyes,
With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests calm
Are when she speaketh,
Such most delightsome balm
From her lips breaketh.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

In all our Britanny
There 's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
Should you compare her.
Angels her eyelids keep,
All hearts surprising;
Which look while she doth sleep
Like the sun's rising:

She alone of her kind
  Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
  Is Heaven's treasure.
Cho. On thy bank,
    In a rank,
  Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music,
  Along let them bring her.

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
  Boast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
  Yet pay you duties.
My love was higher born
  Towards the full fountains,
Yet she doth Moorland scorn,
  And the Peak mountains;
Nor would she none should dream
  Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream,
  Which by her slideth.
Cho. On thy bank,
    In a rank,
  Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
  Along let them bring her.

Yet my poor rustic Muse
  Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use,
  Though her true lover:
Many a long winter's night
  Have I waked for her,

Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The sighs that I have spent
Never can number.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

LXX. THE DESCRIPTION OF ELIZIUM.

The Introduction to *The Muses' Elizium* (1630). These fascinating and little-known poems are half made up of pastoral, half of fairy lore.

A PARADISE on earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it Elizium hight.

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muses lulled be,
And sit at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree;

Which no rough tempest makes to reel,
Nor their straight bodies bows;
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's snows.

In groves that evermore are green
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In music spends the year.

The merle upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curl'd birch
Those notes redoubled rings.

There daisies damask every place,
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phœbus hides his face,
Themselves they scorn to close.

The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness yet contend.

And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loth
To judge it; but replies, for smell
That it excels them both.

Wherewith displeased they hang their heads,
So angry soon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time,
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring
In April here is seen,
The primrose, that puts on the spring,
In July decks each green.

The sweets for sovereignty contend,
And so abundant be,

That to the very earth they lend,
And bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank
In wild meanders strain,
And playing many a wanton prank
Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres
Their time they still bestow,
Nor to their fountains none retires,
Nor on their course will go,

Those brooks with lilies bravely deck'd
So proud and wanton made,
That they their courses quite neglect,
And seem as though they stay'd

Fair Flora in her state to view,
Which through those lilies looks,
Or as those lilies lean'd to show
Their beauties to the brooks;

That Phœbus in his lofty race
Oft lays aside his beams,
And comes to cool his glowing face
In their delicious streams.

Oft spreading vines climb up the cliffs,
Whose ripen'd clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year:

Those cliffs whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,

Which make continual summer glad,
Even bending with their fruits,

Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room.

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo
No room will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious quires
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three Virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely Graces there
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows,
So still their strength reneweth.

The poets' Paradise this is,
To which but few can come,

The Muses' only bower of bliss,
Their dear Elizium.

Here happy souls (their blessed bowers
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the hours
In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elizian plains
Apollo doth invite you,
Where he provides with pastoral strains,
In Nymphals to delight you.

LXXI. A CONTEST.

The Sixth Nymphal from *The Muses' Elizium* (1630).

A WOODMAN, fisher, and a swain
This Nymphal through with mirth maintain;
Whose pleadings so the nymphs do please,
That presently they give them bays.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.
The rills that on the pebbles play'd
Might now be heard at will;
This world they only music made,
Else everything was still.
The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,
Look'd as they much desired,

To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tired;
And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.
When the Elizian youth were met,
That were of most account,
And to disport themselves were set
Upon an easy mount:
Near which of stately fir and pine
There grew abundant store,
The tree that weepeth turpentine,
And shady sycamore.
Amongst this merry youthful train
A forester they had,
A fisher, and a shepherd's swain,
A lively country lad:
Betwixt which three a question grew,
Who should the worthiest be,
Which violently they pursue,
Nor stickled would they be:
That it the company doth please
This civil strife to stay,
Freely to hear what each of these
For his brave self could say.
When first this forester of all,
That Silvius had to name,
To whom the lot being cast doth fall,
Doth thus begin the game.

Silvius.

"For my profession then, and for the life I lead,
All others to excel, thus for myself I plead;

I am the prince of sports, the forest is my fee,
He 's not upon the earth, for pleasure lives like me;
The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,
But from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,
When the melodious birds from every bush and brier
Of the wild spacious wastes makes a continual quire.
The mottled meadows then, new varnish'd with the sun,
Shoot up their spicy sweets upon the winds that run
In easily ambling gales, and softly seem to pace,
That it the longer might their lusciousness embrace.
I 'm clad in youthful green, I other colours scorn,
My silken baldric bears my bugle or my horn,
Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill,
As makes the echoes shout from every neighbouring hill.
My dog-hook at my belt, to which my lyam 's[1] tied,
My sheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife at my side,
My cross-bow in my hand, my gaffle or my rack[2],
To bend it when I please, or if I list to slack,
My hound then in my lyam, I by the woodman's art
Forecast where I may lodge the goodly high-palm'd hart.
To view the grazing herds so sundry times I use,
Where by the loftiest head I know my deer to choose,
And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground
Upon my well-breathed nag, to cheer my earning hound.
Sometime I pitch my toils the deer alive to take,
Sometime I like the cry the deep-mouth'd kennel make,
Then underneath my horse, I stalk my game to strike,
And with a single dog to hunt him hurt I like.
The sylvans are to me true subjects, I their king,
The stately hart his hind doth to my presence bring,

[1] *lyam*, leash.

[2] *gaffle* . . *rack*, instruments respectively for loosening and tightening a bow.

The buck his lovèd doe, the roe his tripping mate,
Before me to my bower, whereas I sit in state.
The dryads, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fauns,
Oft play at hide and seek before me on the lawns;
The frisking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia shines,
Before me as I walk dance wanton matachines[1].
The numerous feather'd flocks, that the wild forests haunt,
Their sylvan songs to me in cheerful ditties chant.
The shades like ample shields defend me from the sun,
Through which me to refresh the gentle rivulets run;
No little bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
But on the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
I' th' morn I climb the hills, where wholesome winds do blow,
At noon-tide to the vales, and shady groves below;
Towards evening I again the crystal floods frequent,
In pleasure this my life continually is spent.
As princes and great lords have palaces, so I
Have in the forests here my hall and gallery,
The tall and stately woods, which underneath are plain;
The groves my gardens are, the heath and downs again
My wide and spacious walks. Then say all what ye can,
The forester is still your only gallant man."

He of his speech scarce made an end,
But him they load with praise,
The nymphs most highly him commend,
And vow to give him bays:
He 's now cried up of every one,
And who but only he?
The forester 's the man alone,
The worthiest of the three.

[1] *matachines*, a masked dance, in which the performers brandished swords.

When some than th' other far more staid
Will'd them a while to pause,
For there was more yet to be said,
That might deserve applause.
When Halcius his turn next plies,
And silence having won,
"Room for the fisher man", he cries,
And thus his plea begun.

Halcius.

"No, forester, it so must not be borne away,
But hear what for himself the fisher first can say.
The crystal current streams continually I keep,
Where every pearl paved ford, and every blue-eyed deep,
With me familiar are; when in my boat being set,
My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
About me; like a prince myself in state I steer,
Now up, now down the stream, now am I here, now there,
The pilot and the fraught myself; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please;
The silver-scalèd shoals about me in the streams,
As thick as ye discern the atoms in the beams.
Near to the shady bank where slender sallies grow,
And willows their shagg'd tops down towards the waters bow,
I shove in with my boat to shield me from the heat,
Where choosing from my bag some proved especial bait,
The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle strike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length so long I let him play
Till by my hand I find he well-near wearied be,
When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.

The lusty salmon too I oft with angling take,
Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth make,
Who feeling he is caught such frisks and bounds doth
fetch,
And by his very strength my line so far doth stretch,
As draws my floating cork down to the very ground,
And wresting of my rod doth make my boat turn round.
I never idle am, sometime I bait my wheels,
With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,
And with my draught-net then I sweep the streaming
flood,
And to my trammel next and cast-net from the mud
I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,
But wearied with my work I bring the day to end.
The Naiades and nymphs that in the rivers keep,
Which take into their care the store of every deep,
Amongst the flowery flags, the bulrushes and reed,
That of the spawn have charge (abundantly to breed),
Well mounted upon swans their naked bodies lend
To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend,
And dance upon the waves before me (for my sake)
To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth make.
And for my pleasures more the rougher gods of seas
From Neptune's court send in the blue Neriades,
Which from his bracky realm upon the billows ride,
And bear the rivers back with every streaming tide,
Those billows 'gainst my boat borne with delightful gales,
Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
Whilst ropes of liquid pearl still load my labouring oars,
As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the
shores.
The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,
And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.
Then let them that like the forester up-cry,
Your noble fisher is your only man, say I."

This speech of Halcius turn'd the tide,
And brought it so about,
That all upon the fisher cried,
That he would bear it out.
Him for the speech he made to clap,
Who lent him not a hand?
And said 't would be the waters' hap
Quite to put down the land.
This while Melanthus silent sits,
(For so the shepherd hight)
And having heard these dainty wits,
Each pleading for his right;
To hear them honour'd in this wise,
His patience doth provoke,
When, "For a shepherd room", he cries,
And for himself thus spoke:

Melanthus.

"Well fisher, you have done, and forester, for you
Your tale is neatly told, s' are both's, to give you due.
And now my turn comes next; then hear a shepherd speak.
My watchfulness and care gives day scarce leave to break
But to the fields I haste, my folded flock to see,
Where when I find, nor wolf nor fox hath injured me,
I to my bottle straight, and soundly baste my throat;
Which done, some country song or roundelay I rote
So merrily, that to the music that I make,
I force the lark to sing ere she be well awake.
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,
He o'er my sheep-hook leaps, now th' one, now th' other way,
Then on his hinder feet he doth himself advance,
I tune, and to my note my lively dog doth dance;

Then whistle in my fist, my fellow swains to call,
Down go our hooks and scrips, and we to nine-holes[1] fall;
At dust-point[2], or at quoits, else are we at it hard,
All false and cheating games we shepherds are debarr'd.
Surveying of my sheep, if ewe or wether look
As though it were amiss, or with my cur or crook
I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heal.
And when my careful eye I cast upon my sheep,
I sort them in my pens, and sorted so I keep:
Those that are bigg'st of bone, I still reserve for breed,
My cullings[3] I put off, or for the chapman feed.
When th' evening doth approach I to my bagpipe take,
And to my grazing flocks such music then I make,
That they forbear to feed; then me a king you see,
I playing go before, my subjects follow me.
My bell-wether most brave, before the rest doth stalk,
The father of the flock, and after him doth walk
My writhen-headed ram, with posies crown'd in pride
Fast to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly tied.
And at our shepherds' board that 's cut out of the ground,
My fellow swains and I together at it round
With green cheese, clouted cream, with flawns[4] and custards stored,
Whig[5], cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord.
When sheering time is come I to the river drive
My goodly well fleeced flocks, (by pleasure thus I thrive),

[1] *nine-holes*, a game, played on a board or the turf, in which balls were rolled into nine holes, as in modern bagatelle. See A. B. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, s.v. It is not the same as the 'nine men's morris' of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

[2] *dust-point*, a game in which boys put their points in a heap and threw stones at them. It is sometimes identified in error with push-pin. See A. B. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, s.v.

[3] *cullings*, inferior sheep.

[4] *flawns*, a kind of custard.

[5] *whig*, a drink made of whey.

Which being wash'd at will, upon the sheering day,
My wool I forth in locks fit for the winder lay,
Which upon lusty heaps into my cote I heave,
That in the handling feels as soft as any sleave;
When every ewe two lambs that yeaned hath that year,
About her new-shorn neck a chaplet then doth wear
My tar-box, and my scrip, my bagpipe at my back,
My sheep-hook in my hand, what can I say I lack?
He that a scepter sway'd, a sheep-hook in his hand
Hath not disdain'd to have; for shepherds then I stand.
Then forester, and you my fisher, cease your strife,
I say your shepherd leads your only merry life."

They had not cried the forester,
And fisher up before,
So much: but now the nymphs prefer
The shepherd ten times more,
And all the ging[1] goes on his side,
Their minion him they make,
To him themselves they all apply,
And all his party take;
Till some in their discretion cast,
Since first the strife begun,
In all that from them there had past
None absolutely won;
Their equal honour they should share;
And their deserts to show,
For each a garland they prepare,
Which they on them bestow,
Of all the choicest flowers that were
Which purposely they gather,
With which they crown them, parting there
As they came first together.

[1] *ging*, company.

JOHN FLETCHER.

(1579–1625.)

LXXII. THE PRIEST'S EVENING SONG.

All the extracts are taken from *The Faithful Shepherdess*, written about 1608–9, perhaps for performance by the Queen's Revels children. It was published (before 1610) as 'by John Fletcher', which is probably correct, although it is spoken of in Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond*, as by Fletcher and Beaumont. This is Act ii. Scene 2.

A Priest of Pan speaks.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from underground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;

Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell:
Thus I end my evening's knell.

LXXIII. THE PRIEST'S MORNING SONG.

From Act v. Scene 1.

Priest of Pan.

SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!

What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.

LXXIV. A HYMN TO PAN.

From Act v. Scene 5.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

LXXV. THE SATYR'S SERVICE.

From Act v. Scene 5.

THOU divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressed
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? Get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven an Orpheus' lute?
All those I 'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

GEORGE WITHER.

(1588–1667.)

LXXVI. A SHEPHERD'S SWAIN.

Wither's two pastoral poems are amongst the earliest and freshest of his voluminous writings. They may be read in the three volumes of *Juvenilia* in the Spenser Society's reprint, or in Prof. Henry Morley's *Companion Poets* selection. The first two fragments here given are from *Fair-Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete*, published in 1622, but probably written about 1610 at Bentworth in Hampshire.

YOU, that at a blush can tell
Where the best perfections dwell,
And the substance can conjecture
By a shadow or a picture,
Come and try if you by this
Know my mistress, who she is.

For though I am far unable
Here to match Apelles' table;
Or draw Zeuxis' cunning lines,
Who so painted Bacchus' vines
That the hungry birds did muster
Round the counterfeited cluster;
Though I vaunt not to inherit
Petrarch's yet unequalled spirit,
Nor to quaff this sacred well
Half so deep as Astrophel,
Though the much commended Celia,
Lovely Laura, Stella, Delia,
Who in former times excell'd,
Live in lines unparallel'd,
Making us believe 't were much
Earth should yield another such:
Yet, assisted but by Nature,
I assay to paint a creature

Whose rare worth in future years
Shall be praised as much as theirs.

Nor let any think amiss
That I have presumèd this:
For a gentle nymph is she,
And hath often honour'd me.
She 's a noble spark of light,
In each part so exquisite,
Had she in times passed been,
They had made her beauty's queen.

Then shall cowardly despair
Let the most unblemish'd fair,
For default of some poor art,
Which her favour may impart,
And the sweetest beauty fade
That was ever born or made?
Shall of all the fair ones she
Only so unhappy be
As to live in such a time,
In so rude, so dull a clime,
Where no spirit can ascend
High enough to apprehend
Her unprizèd excellence,
Which lies hid from common sense?
Neither shall a stain so vile
Blemish this our poet's isle,
I myself will rather run
And seek out for Helicon.
I will wash and make me clean
In the waves of Hippocrene,
And in spite of Fortune's bars
Climb the hill that braves the stars

Where, if I can get no Muse
That will any skill infuse,
Or my just attempt prefer,
I will make a Muse of her:
Whose kind heart shall soon distil
Art into my ruder quill.
By her favour I will gain
Help to reach so rare a strain
That the learned hills shall wonder
How the untaught valleys under
Met with rapture so divine
Without knowledge of the Nine.

I that am a shepherd's swain,
Piping on the lowly plain,
And no other music can
Than what learn'd I have of Pan;
I who never sung the lays
That deserve Apollo's bays,
Hope not only here to frame
Measures which shall keep her name
From the spite of wasting times,
But enshrined in sacred rimes,
Place her where her form divine
Shall to after ages shine;
And without respect of odds
Vie renown with demigods.

Then whilst of her praise I sing,
Hearken valley, grove, and spring;
Listen to me, sacred fountains,
Solitary rocks and mountains;
Satyrs, and you wanton elves
That do nightly sport yourselves;
Shepherds, you that on the reed

Whistle whilst your lambs do feed;
Aged woods and floods that know
What hath been long time ago,
Your more serious notes among
Hear how I can, in my song,
Set a nymph's perfection forth:
And when you have heard her worth,
Say if such another lass
Ever known to mortal was.

Listen, lordings, you that most
Of your outward honours boast;
And you gallants that think scorn
We to lowly fortunes born
Should attain to any graces
Where you look for sweet embraces.
See if all those vanities
Whereon your affection lies
Or the titles or the power
By your fathers' virtues your,
Can your mistresses enshrine
In such state, as I will mine,
Who am forcèd to importune
Favours in despite of fortune.

Beauties, listen; chiefly you
That yet know not virtue's due.
You that think there are no sports
Nor no honours but in courts,
Though of thousands there live not
Two but die and are forgot:
See, if any palace yields
Aught more glorious than the fields,
And consider well if we
May not as high-flying be

In our thoughts as you that sing
In the chambers of a king.
See, if our contented minds,
Whom ambition never blinds,
We that, clad in homespun gray,
On our own sweet meadows play,
Cannot honour if we please
Where we list as well as these,
Or as well of worth approve,
Or equal with passion love.
See, if beauties may not touch
Our soon-loving hearts as much,
Or our services effect
Favours with as true respect
In your good conceits to rise,
As our painted butterflies.

LXXVII. ADMIRE NOT, SHEPHERD'S BOY.

ADMIRE not, shepherd's boy,
Why I my pipe forbear,
My sorrows and my joy
Beyond expression are.
Though others may
In songs display
Their passions while they woo,
Yet mine do fly
A pitch too high
For words to reach unto.

If such weak thoughts as those
With others fancy move,
Or if my breast did close
But common strains of love,

Or passion's store
Learn'd me no more
To feel than others do,
I 'd paint my cares
As black as theirs
And teach my lines to woo.

But oh, thrice happy ye
Whose mean conceit is dull!
You from those thoughts are free
That stuff my breast so full:
My love's excess
Lets to express
What songs are usèd to,
And my delights
Take such high flights
My joys will me undo.

I have a love that 's fair,
Rich, wise, and nobly born;
She 's true perfection's heir,
Holds nought but vice in scorn.
A heart to find
More chaste, more kind,
Our plains afford no moe;
Of her degree
No blab I'll be,
For doubt some prince should woo.

And yet I dare not fear,
Though she my meanness knows,
The willow branch to wear,
No, nor the yellow hose.
For if great Jove
Should sue for love,

She would not me forgo:
Resort I may
By night or day,
Which braver dare not do.

You gallants born to pelf,
To lands, to title's store,
I 'm born but to myself,
Nor do I care for more.
Add to your earth,
Wealth, honours, birth,
And all you can thereto,
You cannot prove
The height of love
Which I in meanness do.

Great men have helps to gain
Those favours they implore,
Which though I win with pain,
I find my joys the more.
Each clown may rise
And climb the skies
When he hath found a stair;
But joy to him
That dares to climb
And hath no help but air.

Some say that Love repents
Where fortunes disagree,
I know the high'st contents
From low beginnings be.
My love 's unfeign'd
To her that deign'd

From greatness stoop thereto.
She loves 'cause I
So mean dared try
Her better worth to woo.

And yet although much joy
My fortune seems to bless,
'T is mix'd with more annoy
Than I shall e'er express:
For with much pain
Did I obtain
The gem I 'll ne'er forego:
Which yet I dare
Not show, nor wear;
And that breeds all my woe.

But fie, my foolish tongue,
How loosely now it goes!
First let my knell be rung
Ere I do more disclose.
Mount thoughts on high!
Cease words! for why
My meaning to divine
To those I leave
That can conceive
So brave a love as mine.

And now no more I 'll sing
Among my fellow swains;
Nor groves nor hills shall ring
With echoes of my plains.
My measures be
Confused, you see,

And will not suit thereto:
'Cause I have more
Brave thoughts in store
Than words can reach thereto.

LXXVIII. ECLOGUE.

From the fourth Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Hunting*, a volume published in 1615. It was written when the author was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, owing to the offence given by his satire *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1613).

Philarete.

YEA; but no man now is still
That can sing or tune a quill.
Now to chant it were but reason:
Song and music are in season.
Now, in this sweet, jolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride:
The fair Lady of the May,
Trimm'd up in her best array,
Hath invited all the swains,
With the lasses of the plains,
To attend upon her sport
At the places of resort.
Corydon, with his bold rout,
Hath already been about
For the elder shepherds' dole,
And fetch'd in the summer pole;
Whilst the rest have built a bower
To defend them from a shower,
Ceil'd so close, with boughs all green,
Titan cannot pry between.
Now the dairy wenches dream
Of their strawberries and cream,
And each doth herself advance

To be taken in to dance;
Every one that knows to sing,
Fits him for his carolling;
So do those that hope for meed,
Either by the pipe or reed;
And though I am kept away,
I do hear, this very day,
Many learned grooms do wend
For the garlands to contend
Which a nymph, that hight Desert,
Long a stranger in this part,
With her own fair hand hath wrought;
A rare work they say, past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she calls them wreaths of Fame.
She hath set in their due place
Every flower that may grace;
And among a thousand moe,
Whereof some but serve for show,
She hath wove in Daphne's tree,
That they may not blasted be;
Which with thyme she edged about,
Lest the work should ravel out.
And that it might wither never,
Intermix'd it with live-ever.
These are to be shared among
Those who do excel in song,
Or their passions can rehearse
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
Then, for those among the rest
That can play and pipe the best,
There 's a kidling with the dam,
A fat wether and a lamb.
And for those that leapen far,
Wrestle, run, and throw the bar,

There 's appointed guerdons too:
He that best the first can do
Shall for his reward be paid
With a sheep-hook, fair inlaid
With fine bone of a strange beast
That men bring out of the west.
For the next, a scrip of red,
Tassell'd with fine-colour'd thread.
There 's preparèd for their meed
That in running make most speed,
Or the cunning measures foot,
Cups of turned maple-root,
Whereupon the skilful man
Hath engraved the loves of Pan;
And the last hath for his due
A fine napkin wrought with blue.
Then, my Willy[1], why art thou
Careless of thy merit now?
What dost thou here, with a wight
That is shut up from delight
In a solitary den,
As not fit to live with men?
Go, my Willy, get thee gone,
Leave me in exile alone.
Hie thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy song.
Thou art young, yet such a lay
Never graced the month of May,
As, if they provoke thy skill,
Thou canst fit into thy quill.
I with wonder heard thee sing
At our last year's revelling.

[1] *Willy* is meant for William Browne of Tavistock, with whom Wither had written *The Shepherd's Pipe* in 1614. (See No. LXXXVI.)

Then I with the rest was free,
When, unknown, I noted thee,
And perceived the ruder swains,
Envy thy far sweeter strains.
Yea, I saw the lasses cling
Round about thee in a ring,
As if each one jealous were
Any but herself should hear;
And I know they yet do long
For the residue of thy song.
Haste thee, then, to sing it forth,
Take the benefit of worth;
And desert will sure bequeath
Fame's fair garland for thy wreath.
Hie thee, Willy, hie away!

WILLIAM BROWNE.

(1588–1643.)

LXXIX. THIRSIS' PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

Browne was 'of Tavistock', in Devonshire. His poems have been edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in the *Roxburghe Library*, and more recently by Mr. Gordon Goodwin in the *Muses Library*. The first is from *England's Helicon, or the Muses' Harmony* (1614).

ON a hill that graced the plain
Thirsis sat, a comely swain,
Comelier swain ne'er graced a hill:
Whilst his flock, that wander'd nigh,
Cropp'd the green grass busily;
Thus he tuned his oaten quill:

"Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many several odours yield,
Odours aromatical:
From fair Astra's cherry lip
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

"Leafy groves now mainly ring
With each sweet bird's sonnetting,
Notes that make the echoes long:
But when Astra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are listening to her song.

"Fairly spreads the damask rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, pencils cannot feign:
Yet, if Astra pass the bush,
Roses have been seen to blush;
She doth all their beauties stain.

"Phoebus shining bright in sky
Gilds the floods, heats mountains high
With his beams' all quickening fire:
Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)
Strikes a heat in hearts of stones,
And enflames them with desire.

"Fields are blest with flowery wreath,
Air is blest when she doth breathe;
Birds make happy every grove,
She each bird when she doth sing;
Phoebus heat to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.

Those, blessings of the earth, we swains do call,
Astra can bless those blessings, earth and all."

LXXX. A LANDSCAPE.

From Book i. Song 2 of *Britannia's Pastorals*, a long poem with a thin thread of narrative and a wealth of country imagery and similitudes. The first Book was published in 1613, but probably written before 1611: the second Book followed in 1616, and the third remained in a MS. in the Salisbury Cathedral library until 1852, when it was printed by the Percy Society. The genuineness of this third Book has been doubted on insufficient grounds.

AND as within a landscape that doth stand
Wrought by the pencil of some curious hand,
We may descry, here meadow, there a wood,
Here standing ponds, and there a running flood,
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vaunted,
Where once the roaring cannon had been planted;
There on a hill a swain pipes out the day,
Out-braving all the choristers of May;
A huntsman here follows his cry of hounds,
Driving the hare along the fallow grounds;
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t'allow,
Follows the hounds, and careless leaves the plough;
There in another place some high-raised land
In pride bears out her breasts unto the strand;
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit-head;
Here round a May-pole some the measures tread;
There boys the truant play and leave their book;
Here stands an angler with a baited hook:
There for a stag one lurks within a bough;
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow;
There on a goodly plain, by time thrown down,
Lies buried in his dust some ancient town;
Who now envillaged, there 's only seen

In his vast ruins what his state had been:
And all of these in shadows so express'd,
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest,
So for the swain the flood did mean to him
To show in nature, not by art to limn,
A tempest's rage; his furious waters threat,
Some on this shore, some on the other, beat.
Here stands a mountain, where was once a dale;
There, where a mountain stood, is now a vale.

LXXXI. A DESCRIPTION OF A MUSICAL CONSORT OF BIRDS.

From *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i. Song 3.

TWO nights thus pass'd: the lily-handed morn
Saw Phoebus stealing dew from Ceres' corn.
The mounting lark, day's herald, got on wing,
Bidding each bird choose out his bow and sing.
The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the mean, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor; and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the music might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing hearts.
But, as it seem'd, they thought, as do the swains
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plains,
There should some droning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to fly into a neighbouring field,
In embassy unto the king of bees,
To aid his partners on the flowers and trees:
Who condescending gladly flew along
To bear the base to his well tunèd song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
To his deep voice, but being hoarse with scolding,

He thus lends aid; upon an oak doth climb,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

LXXXII. RIOT'S CLIMBING OF A HILL.

From *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i. Song 5.

NOW as an angler melancholy standing
Upon a green bank yielding room for landing,
A wriggling yellow worm thrust on his hook,
Now in the midst he throws, then in a nook;
Here pulls his line, there throws it in again,
Mending his cork and bait, but all in vain;
He long stands viewing of the curled stream.
At last a hungry pike, or well-grown bream,
Snatch at the worm, and hasting fast away,
He, knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,
Pulls up his rod, but soft, as having skill,
Wherewith the hook fast holds the fish's gill.
Then all his line he freely yieldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and down doth swim
Th' ensnarèd fish, here on the top doth scud,
There underneath the banks, then in the mud;
And with his frantic fits so scares the shoal,
That each one takes his hide or starting hole.
By this the pike, clean wearied, underneath
A willow lies, and pants (if fishes breathe);
Wherewith the angler gently pulls him to him,
And, lest his haste might happen to undo him,
Lays down his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the fish to land,
Walks to another pool; at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner.
So when the climber half the way had got,
Musing he stood, and busily 'gan plot,

How, since the mount did always steeper tend,
He might with steps secure his journey end.
At last, as wandering boys to gather nuts,
A hooked pole he from a hazel cuts:
Now throws it here, then there, to take some hold,
But bootless and in vain; the rocky mould
Admits no cranny, where his hazel hook
Might promise him a step, till in a nook
Somewhat above his reach he hath espied
A little oak; and having often tried
To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so,
He rolls a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets upon it, fastens warily
His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising crow with clamorous cawing
Leaving the green bough flies about the rock,
Whilst twenty twenty couples to him flock.
And now within his reach the thin leaves wave,
With one hand only then he holds his stave,
And with the other grasping first the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his fist receives.
Then to his girdle making fast the hook,
His other hand another bough hath took;
His first a third, and that another gives,
To bring him to the place where his root lives.
  Then, as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert-food,
Sits pertly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till, with their crooks and bags, a sort of boys,
To share with him, come with so great a noise,
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;

Whilst thro' the quagmires and red water plashes
The boys run dabbling thorough thick and thin,
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin;
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the briers; and that hath lost his shoe:
This drops his band; that head-long falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last.
With sticks and stones and many a sounding holloa,
The little fool, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up.
And so from bough to bough he won the top,
Though hindrances, for ever coming there,
Were often thrust upon him by despair.

LXXXIII. A DIRGE.

From *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book ii. Song 1. This is an elegy on William Ferrar, the Alexis of Wither's *Shepherd's Hunting*, who died at sea.

"GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

"But, of great Thetis' train,
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,

As ye in trammels knit your locks,
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

"Cease, cease, ye murdering winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave,
Know, 't is as various as yourselves;
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps, and bids all joy farewell.

"Had he, Arion like,
Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sound,
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And jointly strive to bring him home,
But he on ship-board died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

"Great Neptune, hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain,
For pity, make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where every calmy morn I 'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell."

LXXXIV. A COUNTRY DANGER.

From *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book ii. Song 2.

LOOK, as two little brothers, who address'd
To search the hedges for a thrush's nest,
And have no sooner got the leafy spring,
When, mad in lust with fearful bellowing,
A strong-neck'd bull pursues throughout the field
One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-lovèd brother,
Further than can his over-drowned eyes
Aright perceive, the furious beast he spies
Toss something on his horns he knows not what;
But one thing fears, and therefore thinks it that:
When, coming nigher, he doth well discern
It of the wondrous one-night-seeding fern[1]
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes,
Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His fear began, but still his mind doth move
Unto the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love".

LXXXV. THE SHEPHERDESSES' GARLANDS.

From *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book ii. Song 3.

THE daisy scatter'd on each mead and down,
A golden tuft within a silver crown,
—Fair fall that dainty flower! and may there be
No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee!—

[1] It was believed that on Midsummer Eve the common fern burst into a sudden growth, and became covered with the golden dust of fern seed. This, when gathered, made the bearer invisible. See Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, i. 314, and Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, ii. 287, 365.

The primrose when with six leaves gotten grace
Maids as a true-love in their bosoms place;
The spotless lily, by whose pure leaves be
Noted the chaste thoughts of virginity;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit impresas[1] for inflamed desire.
The hare-bell for her stainless azured hue,
Claims to be worn of none but those are true.
The rose, like ready youth, enticing stands,
And would be cropp'd if it might choose the hands.
The yellow king-cup, Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous mind.
The orange-tawny marigold, the night
Hides not her colour from a searching sight.
To thee then dearest friend, my song's chief mate,
This colour chiefly I appropriate,
That, spite of all the mists oblivion can
Or envious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'st thy worth; nay, makest it more in price,
Like tennis-balls thrown down hard highest rise.
The columbine in tawny often taken,
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken.
Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye
Is hope even in the depth of misery.
The pansy, thistle, all with prickles set,
The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,
And many hundreds more that graced the meads,
Gardens and groves, where beauteous Flora treads,
Were by the shepherds' daughters, as yet are
Used in our cotes, brought home with special care:
For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoil their pleasing smell.
Much like a lad, who in his tender prime

[1] *impresas*, badges.

Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.
As in the rainbow's many colour'd hue,
Here see we watchet [1] deepen'd with a blue,
There a dark tawny with a purple mix'd,
Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,
A bloody stream into a blushing run,
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
Bringing the lightest to the deepest again,
With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow,
Like to the changes which we daily see
Above the dove's neck with variety,
Where none can say, though he it strict attends,
Here one begins, and there the other ends;
So did the maidens with their various flowers
Deck up their windows, and make neat their bowers,
Using such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy peony with the lighter rose,
The monk's hood with the bugloss, and entwine
The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine
With pinks, sweet-williams, that far off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spy.
Then with those flowers they most of all did prize,
With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of herbs or rushes, would they frame
A dainty border round the shepherd's name;
Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the Muses only lived there,
And that the after world should strive in vain
What they then did to counterfeit again.

[1] *watchet*, pale blue.

Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be
So perfect in their best embroidery,
Nor such composures make of silk and gold,
As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told.

LXXXVI. AN INVITATION.

The opening of the First Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Pipe* (1614), a volume of pastorals by Browne and his three friends Christopher Brooke, George Wither, and John Davies of Hereford.

ROGET[1], droop not, see, the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greet this morn with melody:
Hark, how yonder throstle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vaunts it;
See how every stream is dress'd
By her margin with the best
Of Flora's gifts; she seemès glad
For such brooks such flowers she had.
All the trees are quaintly tired
With green buds, of all desired;
And the hawthorn every day
Spreads some little show of May.
See, the primrose sweetly set
By the much-loved violet
All the banks do sweetly cover,
As they would invite a lover,
With his lass, to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide,
When all cares are laid aside,

[1] Roget is probably an anagram of Geo. [Wi]t[he]r.

Roget sits as if his blood
Had not felt the quickening good
Of the sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to pass the day,
As he wont. Fie, Roget, fie!
Raise thy head, and merrily
Tune us somewhat to thy reed.
See, our flocks do freely feed:
Here we may together sit,
And for music very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an echo shrill and good;
Twice full perfectly it will
Answer to thine oaten quill.
Roget, droop not then, but sing
Some kind welcome to the spring.

LXXXVII. THE DEATH OF PHILARETE.

The Fourth Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Pipe.* Philarete stands for Browne's friend, Thomas Manwood, who was drowned in September, 1613.

UNDER an aged oak was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rocks
To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he play'd,
And from their masters woo'd the neighbouring flocks:
But now o'er-come with dolours deep
That nigh his heart-strings rent,
Ne cared he for his silly sheep,
Ne cared for merriment.
But changed his wonted walks
For uncouth paths unknown,
Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
And echo rue his moan.

Autumn it was, when droop'd the sweetest flowers,
And rivers (swollen with pride) o'er-look'd the banks;
Poor grew the day of summer's golden hours,
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-ranks;
The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweats
By rising fountains, or as they
Fear'd winter's wastful threats.
Against the broad-spread oak
Each wind in fury bears;
Yet fell their leaves not half so fast
As did the shepherd's tears.

As was his seat so was his gentle heart
Meek and dejected, but his thoughts as high
As those aye-wandering lights, who doth impart
Their beams on us, and heaven still beautify.
Sad was his look—O heavy fate!
That swain should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorn mate
With greatest pleasure clad—
Broke was his tuneful pipe
That charm'd the crystal floods,
And thus his grief took airy wings
And flew about the woods.

"Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night, too sparing of a wished stay;
Ye wandering lamps! Oh, be ye fix'd a space,
Some other hemisphere grace with your ray.
Great Phoebus! Daphne is not here,
Nor Hyacinthus fair;
Phoebe! Endymion and thy dear
Hath long since cleft the air.

But ye have surely seen,
Whom we in sorrow miss,
A swain whom Phoebe thought her love,
And Titan deemed his.

"But he is gone; then inwards turn your light,
Behold him there, here never shall you more;
O'er-hang this sad plain with eternal night!
Or change the gaudy green she whilome wore
To fenny black. Hyperion great,
To ashy paleness turn her!
Green well befits a lover's heat,
But black beseems a mourner.
Yet neither this thou canst,
Nor see his second birth,
His brightness blinds thine eye more now,
Then thine did his on Earth.

"Let not a shepherd on our hapless plains
Tune notes of glee, as usèd were of yore:
For Philarete is dead, let mirthful strains
With Philarete cease for evermore!
And if a fellow swain do live
A niggard of his tears,
The shepherdesses all will give
To store him, part of theirs.
Or I would lend him some,
But that the store I have
Will all be spent before I pay
The debt I owe his grave.

"O what is left can make me leave to moan?
Or what remains but doth increase it more?
Look on his sheep: alas! their master's gone.
Look on the place where we two heretofore

With locked arms have vow'd our love,
—Our love which time shall see
In shepherd's songs for every move,
And grace their harmony—
It solitary seems.
Behold our flowery beds;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For sorrow hang their heads.

"'T is not a cypress bough, a countenance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing elegy,
A standing hearse in sable vesture clad,
A tomb built to his name's eternity,
—Although the shepherds all should strive
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keep thy fame alive
In spite of destinies—
That can suppress my grief.
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vain to recompence
My greatest loss of thee.

"Cypress may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an elegy forgotten,
A hearse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tomb pluck'd down, or else through age be rotten.
All things th' unpartial hand of fate
Can raze out with a thought:
These have a several fixed date,
Which, ended, turn to nought.
Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of time
Shall fan and sweep away.

"Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
Bewrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn,
Until some keen blast from the envious north
Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born;
Or else her rarest smells delighting
Make her herself betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To pluck her thence away.
So stands my mournful case,
For had he been less good,
He yet uncorrupt had kept the stock
Whereon he fairly stood.

"Yet though so long he lived not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him given.
Who liveth but the space of one poor night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.
Whoever doth the period see
Of days by Heaven forth plotted,
Dies full of age, as well as he
That had more years allotted
In sad tones then my verse
Shall with incessant tears
Bemoan my hapless loss of him,
And not his want of years.

"In deepest passions of my grief-swollen breast
(Sweet soul!) this only comfort seizeth me,
That so few years should make thee so much blest
And gave such wings to reach eternity.
Is this to die? No: as a ship
Well built, with easy wind
A lazy hulk doth far out-strip,
And soonest harbour find:

So Philarete fled,
Quick was his passage given,
When others must have longer time
To make them fit for Heaven.

"Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
But as the nightingale against the brier,
'T is for myself I moan, and do lament,
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here:
Here, where without thee all delights
Fail of their pleasing power;
All glorious days seem ugly nights,
Methinks no April shower
Embroider should the earth,
But briny teares distil,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

"And ye, his sheep, in token of his lack,
Whilome the fairest flock on all the plain,
Yean never lamb, but be it clothed in black.
Ye shady sycamores, when any swain
To carve his name upon your rind
Doth come, where his doth stand,
Shed drops, if he be so unkind
To raze it with his hand.
And thou, my lovèd Muse
No more shouldst numbers move,
But that his name should ever live,
And after death my love."

This said, he sigh'd, and with o'er-drowned eyes
Gazed on the Heavens for what he miss'd on Earth;
Then from the earth full sadly 'gan arise
As far from future hope, as present mirth;

Unto his cote with heavy pace
As ever sorrow trod,
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful swains abode;
And as he spent the day,
The night he past alone;
Was never shepherd loved more dear,
Nor made a truer moan.

WILLIAM BASSE.

(1583?–1653?.)

LXXXVIII. CLORUS' SONG.

William Basse, one of the feebler of Spenser's imitators, published *Three Pastoral Elegies of Anander, Anetor, and Muridella* (1602), and left at his death the manuscript of nine other *Eclogues*, from the fifth of which this extract is taken. It is a lament for the departure from England of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, under the name of Poemenarcha, at her visit to Spa in 1616. Basse is perhaps better known as the author of an *Elegy* on Shakespeare, and of an *Angler's Song*, quoted in Walton's *Compleat Angler*. His poems have been recently collected by Mr. R. Warwick Bond.

SILLY Swain, sit down and weep,
Weep that she from hence is gone;
She, of all that follow'd sheep
By her matchless beauty known.

All the plain by her bright eyes
Shined, while she did here remain:
Now her eye her light denies,
Darkness seems to hide the plain.

Phoebus now seems lesser light
To th' unhappy vale to send,

Having lost more by her flight,
Than he doth his sister lend.

Cynthia yields night fewer rays,
Since the Sun her fewer yields;
He has wanted for the days,
Since her wanted have the fields.

Mountains never known to rue,
Rocks that strangers were to woes,
Since her absence cleave in two,
And their ruin'd hearts disclose.

Fields are left to winter's wrack;
Sheep that share the shepherd's woe
Change their hue to mourning black,
Once as white as morning's snow.

Earth in withering weeds doth mourn,
Flowers droop their heads dismay'd,
Trees let fall their leaves, that borne
Were, her beauteous brows to shade.

All the year, while she was here,
Spring and Summer seem'd to last:
Since she left us, all the year
Autumn seems and Winter's blast.

While she graced us and these plains,
Foreign swains of her did hear;
Now she graces foreign swains,
We envy their fortunes there;
Fame, where ever she remains,
Sounds her wonder everywhere.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

(1585–1649.)

LXXXIX. DAMON'S LAMENT.

A fragment from a poem first printed in *Poems: Amorous, Funeral, Divine, Pastoral* (1616). Drummond's works have been edited by Mr. W. B. Turnbull in *The Library of Old Authors,* and by Mr. W. C. Ward in *The Muses' Library.*

THIS world is made a Hell,
Deprived of all that in it did excel.
O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May,
Turn'd is in night our day.
Forsake thy pipe, a sceptre take to thee,
Thy locks dis-garland, thou black Jove shall be.
The flocks do leave the meads,
And, loathing three-leaved grass, hold up their heads;
The streams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds sing as before;
Hills stand with clouds like mourners veil'd in black
And owls upon our roofs foretell our wrack.

That Zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forest here,
It was for her; that, wrapp'd in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen,
That in the saddest months oft sang the merles,
It was for her; for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy these our shades and calm resorts,
It was for her: and she is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose, and daisy, winter done,
But we once dead do no more see the sun.

Whose name shall now make ring
The echoes? of whom shall the nymphets sing?
Whose heavenly voice, whose soul-invading strains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in east
Weep that a fairer riseth in the west?
Fair sun, post still away,
No music here is found thy course to stay.
Sweet Hybla swarms, with wormwood fill your bowers,
Gone is the flower of flowers.
Blush no more, rose, nor, lily, pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain.

Ah me! to wail my plight
Why have not I as many eyes as night;
Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I still, still may weep?
But though I had, my tears unto my cross
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loss.
Yet of you briny showers
Which I here pour, may spring as many flowers,
As come of those which fell from Helen's eyes;
And when ye do arise,
May every leaf in sable letters bear
The doleful cause for which ye spring up here.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

(1596–1667.)

XC. PAN'S HOLIDAY.

From *The School of Compliments*, acted about 1625 and published in 1631.

WOODMEN, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday;
Throw off cares;
With your heaven-aspiring airs
Help us to sing,
While valleys with your echoes ring.

Nymphs that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbours, bring your loves;
Gather posies,
Crown your golden hair with roses;
As you pass,
Foot like fairies on the grass.

Joy crown our bowers! Philomel,
Leave of Tereus' rape to tell,
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian lyre did once;
Mountains play,
This is the shepherds' holiday.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

(1582–1648?.)

XCI. STELLA AND MIRA.

From *The Prize,* the seventh of the *Piscatory Eclogues* (1633). This variation upon the ordinary pastoral theme was doubtless due to the influence of Sannazaro, but Fletcher's fishermen haunt the Thames and the Cam, not the sea. He wrote also a piscatory drama, *Sicelides,* which was acted at King's College in 1614, and published in 1631. His poems have been edited by Dr. Grosart in the *Fuller Worthies Library.*

Daphnis.

MIRA, thine eyes are those twin-heavenly powers
Which to the widow'd Earth new offspring bring;
No marvel, then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossoms freshly spring:
So is thy face a never-fading May;
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

Thomalin.

Stella, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas;
No marvel, then, if thy brown shady hair
Like night portend sweet rest and gentle ease:
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light;
Thus is thy hair a lover's ne'er-spent night.

Daphnis.

If sleepy poppies yield to lilies white,
If black to snowy lambs, if night to day,
If western shades to fair Aurora's light,
Stella must yield to Mira's shining ray.
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy;
The night for wolves, the light the shepherd's joy.

Thomalin.

Who white-thorn equals with the violet?
What workman rest compares with painful light?
Who wears the glaring glass, and scorns the jet?
Day yield to her that is both day and night.
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night's lovers' holiday.

Daphnis.

Fly then the seas, fly far the dangerous shore:
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spy,
He 'll think Medusa sweeter than before,
With fairer hair, and doubly fairer eye,
Is changed again; and with thee ebbing low,
In his deep courts again will never flow.

Thomalin.

Stella, avoid both Phoebus' ear and eye:
His music he will scorn, if thee he hear:
Thee, Daphne, if thy face by chance he spy,
Daphne, now fairer changed, he 'll rashly swear;
And, viewing thee, will later rise and fall;
Or, viewing thee, will never rise at all.

XCII. THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

From *The Purple Island* (1633), canto xii. This is an allegorical poem in the manner of *The Faerie Queene.*

THRICE, O, thrice happy shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep,
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives:—nor silken pride!
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed.
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite;
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise,
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In country plays is all the strife he uses,
Or song, or dance, unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports, all differences refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent;
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face;
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

THOMAS NABBES.

(fl. 1638.)

XCIII. THE MILKMAID.

From *Tottenham Court* (1638). Mr. Bullen has included Nabbes in his series of *Old Plays*.

WHAT a dainty life the milkmaid leads,
When over the flowery meads
She dabbles in the dew
And sings to her cow,
And feels not the pain
Of love or disdain!
She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day,
And merrily passeth her time away.

BEN JONSON.

(1573–1637.)

XCIV. THE SHEPHERD'S HOLYDAY.

The opening song of *Pan's Anniversary*, or *The Shepherd's Holyday*, a masque shown before King James I. in 1625. It was first published in the 1641 folio of Jonson's *Works*.

First Nymph.

THUS, thus begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morn now riseth and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and profane, away,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

Second Nymph.

Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound;

The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright day's-eyes and the lips of cows;
The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holyday.

Third Nymph.

Drop, drop, you violets; change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use;
And in your death go out as well
As when you lived unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

XCV. EARINE.

The first scene of *The Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama introducing Robin Hood. It appears to have been left unfinished at the poet's death, and was published as a fragment in the folio of 1641.

Æglamour speaks.

HERE she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.

XCVI. ÆGLAMOUR'S LAMENT.

From *The Sad Shepherd*, Act i. Sc. 2.

IT will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge! but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:

If it be known afore, 't is all worth nothing!
I 'll carve it on the trees, and in the turf,
On every green sward, and in every path,
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.
There will I knock the story in the ground
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round,
Till the whole country read how she was drown'd;
And with the plenty of salt tears there shed
Quite alter the complexion of the spring.
Or I will get some old, old grandam thither,
Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water
Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout,
As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,
Those treacherous nymphs pull'd in Earine,
Shall stand curl'd up like images of ice,
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice!
Or stay, a better! when the year 's at hottest,
And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle,
To fling a fellow with a fever in,
To set it all on fire till it burn
Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
When Vulcan leap'd into him to destroy him.

Robin. A deep hurt fantasy!

Æg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Æglamour, we all approve,
And come to gratulate your just revenge:
Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
You 'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
In all the proffer'd solace of the spring.

Æg. A spring, now she is dead! of what? of thorns,
Briars and brambles? thistles, burs and docks?
Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake, or the box?
These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?

As if there since did fall one drop of dew
But what was wept for her! or any stalk
Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
After her wreath was made! In faith, in faith,
You do not fair to put these things upon me,
Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being and her name,[1]
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
Born with the primrose, or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
And Venus led the Graces out to dance,
And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap
Leap'd out and made their solemn conjuration,
To last but while she lived! Do not I know
How the vale wither'd the same day? how Dove,
Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite, and Soare,
Each broke his urn and twenty waters more,
That swell'd proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry? that since
No sun or moon or other cheerful star,
Look'd out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,
As it were hung so for her exequies!
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;
But of that dismal pair, the screeching-owl,
And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark! the foul
Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!
Peace! you shall hear her screech.

Clarion. Good Karolin, sing,
Help to divert this fantasy.

Kar. All I can.

Though I am young and cannot tell
Either what death or love is well,
Yet, I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts:

[1] *her name*: Earine is derived from the Greek ἔαρ, spring.

And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have
By flash of lightning, or a wave:
So love's inflamèd shaft or brand
May kill as soon as death's cold hand,
Except love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

Æg. Do you think so? are you in that good heresy,
I mean, opinion? if you be, say nothing.
I 'll study it as a new philosophy,
But by myself alone: now you shall leave me.
Some of these nymphs here will reward you; this,
This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.
Lived my Earine, you should have twenty:
For every line here, one; I would allow them
From mine own store, the treasure I had in her:
Now I am poor as you.

XCVII. KAROL'S KISS.

From *The Sad Shepherd*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Amie speaks.

O Karol, Karol! call him back again.

Lionel. Her thoughts do work upon her in her slumber,
And may express some part of her disease.

Robin. Observe, and mark, but trouble not her ease.

Amie. Oh, oh!
Marian. How is it, Amie?
Mellifleur. Wherefore start you?
Amie. O Karol! he is fair and sweet.
Maud. What then?
Are there not flowers as sweet and fair as men?
The lily is fair, and rose is sweet.
Amie. Ay, so!
Let all the roses and the lilies go:
Karol is only fair to me.
Mar. And why?
Amie. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could die!
Karol, he singeth sweetly too.
Maud. What then?
Are there not birds sing sweeter far than men?
Amie. I grant the linnet, lark, and bull-finch sing,
But best the dear good angel of the spring,
The nightingale.
Maud. Then why, then why, alone,
Should his notes please you?
Amie. I not long agone
Took a delight with wanton kids to play,
And sport with little lambs a summer's-day,
And view their frisks: methought it was a sight
Of joy to see my two brave rams to fight!
Now Karol only all delight doth move,
All that is Karol, Karol I approve!
This very morning but I did bestow
—It was a little 'gainst my will I know—
A single kiss upon the silly swain,
And now I wish that very kiss again.
His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose,
His mouth and tongue with dropping honey flows;
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.
Maud. Yet, like the bees, it had a little sting.

Amie. And sunk and sticks yet in my marrow deep;
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.
Mar. Alas, how innocent her story is!
Amie. I do remember, Marian, I have oft
With pleasure kiss'd my lambs and puppies soft;
And once a dainty fine roe-fawn I had,
Of whose out-skipping bounds I was as glad
As of my health; and him I oft would kiss;
Yet had his no such sting or pain as this:
They never prick'd or hurt my heart; and, for
They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.
But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please; this sweet
Mingled with sour I wish again to meet:
And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,
That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kiss.

XCVIII. A NYMPH'S PASSION.

From the *Underwoods*, a collection of short poems found amongst Jonson's papers, and published in the folio of 1641.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they 'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that 's a narrow joy is but our own.

I 'll tell that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborne
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where love may all his torches light
Though hate had put them out:
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I 'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

THOMAS CAREW.

(1598?–1638?.)

XCIX. A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the 1640 edition of his poems. These have been edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in the *Roxburghe Library*, and more recently by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

Shepherd.

THIS mossy bank they press'd. *Nym.* That agèd oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till, the day breaking, their embraces broke.

Shepherd.

See, love, the blushes of the morn appear;
And now she hangs her pearly store,
Robb'd from the eastern shore,
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day!
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planet and the gray
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Shepherd.

If thine eyes gild my path, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Chorus.

They kiss'd, and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shepherd.

The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chace
The day for ever from this place.

Shepherd.

Hark! *Nym.* Ah me, stay! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.* No, arise:
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears' supplies.

JOHN MILTON.

(1608–1674.)

c. TWO SONGS.

From *Arcades* (1631?). There is a good deal of the pastoral element in *L'Allegro* (1632–1638?), and a hint of it in the *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (1629). Milton also composed a pastoral lament, in Latin, on the death of his friend, Charles Diodati, the *Epitaphium Damonis* (1639).

I.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string,

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me;
I will bring you where she sits;
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen,
All Arcadia hath not seen.

II.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycaeus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Maenalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

CI. THE SPIRIT-SHEPHERD.

This and the following extract are from *Comus* (1634).

A Spirit speaks.

WHAT voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.
Second Brother. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd, sure.

Elder Brother. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft
delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale?
How camest thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spir. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she:
How chance she is not in your company?
El. B. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
El. B. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.
Spir. I 'll tell ye; 't is not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire Chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face. This have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O! ere long,

Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear;
And, "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,
"How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,
Where that damn'd wisard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew,) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.

CII. SABRINA.

Spirit speaks.

WHAT, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;

Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragèd stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to agèd Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious viall'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song.

Sabrina fair,
  Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
  In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
  Listen for dear honour's sake,
  Goddess of the silver lake,
    Listen, and save.

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
                Listen, and save!

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

CIII. LYCIDAS.

The subject of *Lycidas* is Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who was drowned on August 10th, 1637. Milton's poem, written in November of the same year, was contributed to a collection of Memorial Verses printed in 1638.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill:
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds?
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings:
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least

That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

HENRY WOTTON.

(1568–1639.)

CIV. ON A BANK AS I SAT A-FISHING.

From the *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (1651), in which were printed some poems by Wotton and others, found amongst his papers at his death. These lines are signed H. W. They are quoted in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, and are said to have been written when Wotton was "beyond seventy years of age", *i.e.* in 1638–9.

AND now all nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
New juice did stir the embracing vines
And birds had drawn their valentines;
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly.
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest:
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
Joan strokes a sillabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet;

And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all look'd gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new liveried year.

CV. A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS

This is in the *Reliquiae Wottonianae,* but signed Ignoto. It is quoted in Walton's *Compleat Angler,* as "doubtless made either by [Sir H. Wotton] or by a lover of angling".

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts!
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth 's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty!
Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abusèd mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,

Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may
shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance
But of our kids, that frisk and prance:
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other;
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother:
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too-too hasty Fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling-like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:
Nor envy, unless among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go! let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest, silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!

May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here.

ROBERT HERRICK.

(1594–1674.)

CVI. CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

This and the four following pieces are taken from the volume called *Hesperides* (1648), in which all Herrick's verse, secular and divine, first appeared. They were not improbably written while the poet was vicar of Dean Prior, from 1629 to 1648. Most of his days were spent in cities, but the *Hesperides* show the inspiration of that country life, which he found so uncongenial, in 'loathed Devonshire'. The best modern edition of Herrick's poems is that by Mr. A. W. Pollard, in the *Muses' Library.*

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bow'd towards the east
Above an hour since: yet you not dress'd;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 't is sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads[1] are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see 't?
Come, we 'll abroad; and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

[1] *beads*, prayers.

Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown[1] has been given
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we 're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

[1] *green-gown*, tumble on the grass.

CVII. A PASTORAL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES.

PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR. NIC. LANIERE.[1]

Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., was born May, 1630.

MIRTILLO, AMINTAS, *and* AMARILLIS.

Amintas.

GOOD-DAY, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no less,
And all fair signs lead on our shepherdess.
Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But say, what news
Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my ewes,
My wethers, lambs, and wanton kids are well,
Smooth, fair and fat! none better I can tell:
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast
For his sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* True, these are the least;
But, dear Amintas and sweet Amarillis,
Rest but a while here, by this bank of lilies,
And lend a gentle ear to one report
The country has. *Amin.* From whence? *Amar.* From whence? *Mirt.* The Court.
Three days before the shutting in of May
(With whitest wool be ever crown'd that day!)
To all our joy a sweet-faced child was born,
More tender than the childhood of the morn.
Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep
Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep!
Mirt. And that his birth should be more singular
At noon of day was seen a silver star,[2]

[1] *Nic. Laniere*, a popular singer and composer at court from 1614 to about 1665.

[2] *a silver star.* Mr. Pollard quotes from *Stella Meridiana* (1661): "King Charles the First went to St. Paul's Church the 30th day of May, 1630, to give praise for the birth of his son, attended with all his Peers, and a most royal Train, when a bright star appeared at High Noon in the sight of all".

Bright as the wise men's torch which guided them
To God's sweet babe, when born at Bethlehem;
While golden angels (some have told to me)
Sung out his birth with heavenly minstrelsy.
Amin. O rare! But is 't a trespass if we three
Should wend along his babyship to see?
Mirt. Not so, not so.
Chor. But if it chance to prove
At most a fault, 't is but a fault of love.
Amar. But, dear Mirtillo, I have heard it told
Those learned men brought incense, myrrh and gold
From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
And laid them down for offerings at his feet.
Mirt. 'T is true, indeed; and each of us will bring
Unto our smiling and our blooming king
A neat, though not so great an offering.
Amar. A garland[1] for my gift shall be
Of flowers ne'er suck'd by th' thieving bee;
And all most sweet; yet all less sweet than he.
Amint. And I will bear, along with you,
Leaves dropping down the honey'd dew,
With oaten pipes as sweet as new.
Mirt. And I a sheep-hook will bestow,
To have his little kingship know,
As he is prince, he 's shepherd too.
Chor. Come, let 's away, and quickly let 's be dress'd,
And quickly give—the swiftest grace is best.
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We 'll bless the babe, then back to country pleasures.

[1] *a garland ... oaten pipes ... a sheep-hook.* Similar gifts are given to the infant Jesus by the shepherds and their boys in many of the miracle-plays. Cf. Introduction, p. xx.

CVIII. THE HOCK-CART OR HARVEST HOME.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAY, EARL OF WESTMORELAND.[1]

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands;
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art:
See here a maukin[2], there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet:
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart[3] crown'd.
About the cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some cross the fill-horse[4], some with great

[1] *Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland*: Mildmay Fane, author of a volume of poems called *Otia Sacra*.

[2] *maukin*, a diminutive of Mary, the doll, or 'kern-baby', which is placed on the last load of corn home. Folk-lorists say that it represents the spirit of fertilization.

[3] A *hock-cart* or *hockey-cart* is a festival or holiday-cart. 'Hock' is connected etymologically with 'high'. It reappears in the name Hock-Tuesday, given to the second or third Tuesday after Easter.

[4] *fill-horse*, thill-horse, or shaft-horse.

Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat:
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef:
With upper stories, mutton, veal
And bacon (which makes full the meal),
With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty[1].
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fans, your fats[2],
Then to the maids with wheaten hats:
To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat
Be mindful that the labouring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word 's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you;
And that this pleasure is like rain,

[1] *frumenty*, wheat boiled with milk and raisins.
[2] *fats*, vats.

Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

CIX. TO PHYLLIS.

An imitation of Marlowe's poem, No. XXXV.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I 'll prepare for thee
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board.
The soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed
With crawling woodbine overspread;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered;
Thy feasting tables shall be hills
With daisies spread and daffodils,
Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by
For meat shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets[1]
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes[2],

[1] *carcanets*, necklaces.
[2] *wakes*, feasts of the Vigilia, or dedication of a church.

When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,
Nay, more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holidays, when virgins meet
To dance the heyes[1] with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The queen of roses for that year;
And having danced, 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee my dearest shepherling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shame-faced plum, all simpering there.
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phyllis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
Where kissing that, I 'll twice kiss thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Be-prank'd with ribbons to this end;
This, this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep than me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine,
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glittering hearth.
Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

[1] *the heyes,* or the hay, a country dance.

CX. LACON AND THYRSIS.

Lacon.

FOR a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely neat-herdess?
Who so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To full fill the milking-pail?
Say, what is 't that thou dost ail?

Thyrsis.

None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I 'll tell thee what it was:
See, mine eyes are weeping-ripe.

Lacon.

Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyrsis.

I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here:
Broad of forehead, large of eye
Party-colour'd like a pie;
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn:
Sharply pointed as a thorn,
With a neck by yoke unworn;
From the which hung down by strings,

Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interplaced with ribbonings:
Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw could him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ah me! ah me! Last night
Came a mad dog and did bite,
Aye, and kill'd my dear delight.

Lacon.

Alack, for grief!

Thyrsis.

But I 'll be brief.
Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his evening funeral.
Live long, Lacon, so adieu!

Lacon.

Mournful maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

(1615?–1650.)

CXI. A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

From the *Steps to the Temple* (1646). Crashaw's poems have been edited by Dr. Grosart in the *Fullers Worthies Library*. I have printed the text of 1646, and added the 7th and 8th stanzas from that of 1652.

Chorus.

COME, we shepherds, who have seen
Day's king deposèd by night's queen,
Come, lift we up our lofty song,
To wake the sun that sleeps too long.

He, in this our general joy,
Slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out the fair-eyed Boy,
And kiss'd the cradle of our King;
Tell him he rises now too late,
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light
Tell him, Tityrus, where thou 'st been,
Tell him, Thyrsis, what thou 'st seen.

Tityrus.

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay:
The Babe look'd up and show'd his face,
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise,
Not from the east, but from Thy eyes.

Thyrsis.

Winter chid the world, and sent
The angry north to wage his wars:
The north forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars:
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flowers.

Both.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day;
We saw Thine eyes break from the east,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw Thee (and we bless'd the sight)
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Tityrus.

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth?

Thyrsis.

Proud world, I said, cease your contest
And let the mighty Babe alone.
The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own.
The Babe whose birth embraves this morn,
Made His own bed, ere He was born.

Tityrus.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow
Come hovering o'er the place's head,

Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the fair Infant's bed.
"Forbear," said I, "be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 't is too cold."

Thyrsis.[1]

I saw th' officious angels bring
The down that their soft breasts did strow;
For well they now can spare their wings,
When Heaven itself lies here below.
Fair youth, (said I,) be not too rough,
Your down, though soft, 's not soft enough.

Tityrus.

The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
Where to lay His lovely head,
But straight His eyes advised His cheek,
'Twixt mother's breasts to go to bed.
Sweet choice, (said I,) no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.

Chorus.

Welcome to our wondering sight
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter! Day in night!
Heaven in earth! and God in man!
Great little One, whose glorious birth,
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.

[1] The 1652 version of this stanza is, on the whole, preferable—

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow;
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done (said I), but are you sure,
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?

Welcome, though not to gold, nor silk
To more than Cæsar's birth-right is,
Two sister-seas of virgin's milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye,
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries
The points of her young Eagle's eyes.

Welcome, (though not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes)
But to poor shepherds, simple things,
That use not varnish, no oil'd arts,
But lift clean hands full of clear hearts.

Yet when young April's husband showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.
To Thee (dread Lamb) whose love must keep
The shepherds, while they feed the sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves,
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
We 'll burn our own best sacrifice.

ANDREW MARVELL.

(1621–1678.)

CXII. CLORINDA AND DAMON.

All five poems are from the posthumous folio of *Miscellaneous Poems* (1681). An edition of Marvell has recently been published by Mr. G. A. Aitken in the *Muses' Library*.

Clorinda.

DAMON, come drive thy flocks this way.
Damon. No: 't is too late they went astray.
Clorinda. I have a grassy scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride;
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temple keep.
Damon. Grass withers, and the flowers too fade.
Clorinda. Seize the short joys then, ere they vade[1].
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?
Damon. That den?
Clorinda. Love's shrine.
Damon. But virtue's grave.
Clorinda. In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.
Damon. Not Heaven's eye.
Clorinda. Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.
Damon. Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?
Clorinda. What is 't you mean?
Damon. These once had been enticing things,
Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs.
Clorinda. And what late change?

[1] *vade*, pass away (the Latin *vadere*).

Damon. The other day
Pan met me.
Clorinda. What did great Pan say?
Damon. Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.
Clorinda. Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.
Damon. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.
Clorinda. Who would not in Pan's praises meet?
Chorus. Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire;
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

CXIII. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND DORINDA.

Dorinda.

WHEN death shall snatch us from these kids,
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, Thyrsis, prythee do,
Whither thou and I must go?
Thyrsis. To the Elysium.
Dorinda. O where is 't?
Thyrsis. A chaste soul never can miss 't.
Dorinda. I know no way but one; our home
Is our Elysium.
Thyrsis. Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
There the milky way doth lie;
'T is a sure, but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.
Dorinda. There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly?
Thyrsis. Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire

Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole;
Heaven 's the centre of the soul.
Dorinda. But in Elysium how do they
Pass eternity away?
Thyrsis. O! there 's neither hope nor fear,
There 's no wolf, no fox, no bear,
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear
Feast with the music of the sphere.
Dorinda. How I my future state,
By silent thinking, antedate!
I prythee let us spend our time to come,
In talking of Elysium.
Thyrsis. Then I 'll go on: there sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wool;
There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,
Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow
There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun;
Shepherds there bear equal sway,
And every nymph 's a queen of May
Dorinda. Ah, me! ah, me!
Thyrsis. Dorinda, why dost cry?
Dorinda. I 'm sick, I 'm sick, and fain would die.
Thyrsis. Convince me now that this is true
By bidding, with me, all adieu.
Dorinda. I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, die.
Thyrsis. Then let us give Corellia charge o' the sheep.
And thou and I 'll pick poppies and them steep
In wine, and drink on 't even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

CXIV. DAMON THE MOWER.

HARK how the mower Damon sung,
With love of Juliana stung!
While everything did seem to paint
The scene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair eyes the day was fair,
But scorching like his amorous care;
Sharp, like his scythe, his sorrow was,
And wither'd, like his hopes, the grass.

Oh what unusual heats are here,
Which thus our sun-burn'd meadows fear!
The grasshopper its pipe gives o'er,
And hamstring'd frogs can dance no more;
But in the brook the green frog wades,
And grasshoppers seek out the shades;
Only the snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its second skin.

This heat the sun could never raise,
Nor dog-star so inflame the days;
It from an higher beauty grow'th,
Which burns the fields and mower both;
Which made the dog, and makes the sun
Hotter than his own Phaeton;
Not July causeth these extremes,
But Juliana's scorching beams

Tell me where I may pass the fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires;
To what cool cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid fountain bend?
Alas! I look for ease in vain,
When remedies themselves complain;

No moisture but my tears do rest,
No cold but in her icy breast.

How long wilt thou, fair shepherdess,
Esteem me and my presents less?
To thee the harmless snake I bring,
Disarmed of its teeth and sting;
To thee chameleons, changing hue,
And oak leaves tipt with honey dew;
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

I am the mower Damon, known
Through all the meadows I have mown.
On me the morn her dew distils
Before her darling daffodils;
And, if at noon my toil me heat,
The sun himself licks off my sweat;
While, going home, the evening sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

What though the piping shepherd stock
The plains with an unnumber'd flock,
This scythe of mine discovers wide
More ground than all his sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these closes every year,
And though in wool more poor than they,
Yet I am richer far in hay.

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my scythe I looked right;
In which I see my picture done,
As in a crescent moon the sun.
The deathless fairies take me oft
To lead them in their dances soft;

And when I tune myself to sing,
About me they contract their ring.

How happy might I still have mow'd,
Had not Love here his thistle sow'd!
But now I all the day complain,
Joining my labour to my pain;
And with my scythe cut down the grass,
Yet still my grief is where it was;
But, when the iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my scythe and woes.

While thus he drew his elbow round,
Depopulating all the ground,
And, with his whistling scythe, does cut
Each stroke between the earth and root,
The edgèd steel by careless chance,
Did into his own ankle glance,
And there among the grass fell down
By his own scythe the mower mown.

Alas! said he, those hurts are slight
To those that die by Love's despite.
With shepherd's purse, and clown's all-heal,
The blood I staunch and wound I seal.
Only for him no cure is found,
Whom Juliana's eyes do wound;
'T is Death alone that this must do;
For, Death, thou art a Mower too.

CXV. THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

CXVI. THE GARDEN

This is Marvell's translation of one of his own Latin poems.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheresoe'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
For other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 't were in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

(1639–1701.)

CXVII. PHILLIS.

From his comedy *The Mulberry Garden* (1668).

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,

Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling
And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free,—
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(1631–1700.)

CXVIII. THE LADY'S SONG.

From the fifth volume of Dryden's *Miscellany Poems* (1704). The song is said to have been written in 1691, and to refer to the exile of James II. and his queen.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May Lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phillis was Queen:
But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I 'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:

The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his vow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

ALEXANDER POPE.

(1688–1744.)

CXIX. AUTUMN: OR HYLAS AND AEGON.

Pope's four *Pastorals*, with an introductory *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, were printed, in 1709, in *Tonson's Miscellany*. They were written, however, in 1704, when the poet was only sixteen. The literary quarrel that arose out of them is described in the Introduction to this volume.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Aegon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,[1]
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!

[1] *Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire.* The allusion is to Wycherley, to whom the pastoral is dedicated.

Oh, skilled in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
"Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise;
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,

Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia! each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!"
Next Aegon sung, while Windsor groves admired;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspired.
"Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjured Doris, dying I complain!
Here, where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies!
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoke from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beyond yon poplar oft we pass'd the day;
Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs;
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, 'Thy flocks are left a prey'—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep.

Pan came, and asked what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains,
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!"
Thus sung the shepherds till the approach of night
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

CXX. MESSIAH.

This "sacred Eclogue, in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*", first appeared in the *Spectator* for May 14, 1712. It is formed by the addition of epithets to Isaiah.

YE nymphs of Solyma[1]! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
"A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,

[1] *Solyma*, Jerusalem.

Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
'Prepare the way! a God, a God appears':
'A God, a God!' the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold,
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'T is He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hands, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs and wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,

And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs,
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns."

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

(1671–1749.)

CXXI. ALBINO.

The Third Pastoral. Philips' *Pastorals*, like Pope's, were published in *Tonson's Miscellany* for 1709. By Albino is intended the Duke of Gloucester, son of Anne and George of Denmark, who died July 29, 1700.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he graced his song:
And Spenser, when amid the rural throng
He carol'd sweet, and grazed along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on every tree was found;
Since, then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
While from our Albion her victorious arms
Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms.
Like them will I my slender music raise,
And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.
Meantime, on oaten pipe, a lowly lay,
As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play:
Yet, not obscure, while Dorset[1] thinks no scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.
Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship mutual, and united long,
Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind:

[1] Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and afterwards sixth Earl of Dorset, the author of a few poems of no account.

Revolving now, the solemn day they find,
When young Albino died. His image dear
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear:
To tears they add the tribute of their verse
These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse.

Angelot.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return;
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
Sent into life, alas! how short thy stay:
How sweet the rose! how speedy to decay!
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-sounding wide from every village bell?
Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boast of this fair Island, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every shepherd-boy?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
No cattle grazed the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood
In yonder gloomy grove out-stretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
And o'er his lips the deadly blue display'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
And mourning shepherds come in crowds to weep.
Young Buckhurst comes: and, is there no redress?
As if the grave regarded our distress!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes with grief oppress'd:

Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importuned the skies,
And every star upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She clasped her son: nor did the nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,
Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.
As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou, to thine, an ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat;
A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield;
And thorns and thistles overspread the field.
How all our hope is fled like morning dew!
And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
Who, now, shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
With sinewy force, to pitch the massy bar?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
And add new glories to the British name:
O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast;
Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

Palin.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain:
Albino lives; and all our tears are vain:
Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mix'd who never know to grieve,
Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
Ever to mourn his absence with a tear;
Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy:
And now the royal nymph who bore him deigns
The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down:
For this, the welkin does no longer frown.
Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
And we renew our pastimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound;
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino blest; the valleys ring
Albino blest! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip which in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and the garden rose,
Marsh-lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood or verdant hill,
Whether in open sun or shade they blow,
More early some, and some unfolding slow,
Bring in heap'd canisters of every kind,
As if the summer had with spring combined,
And Nature, forward to assist your care,
Did not profusion for Albino spare.
Your hamlets strew, and every public way;
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day:

Myself will lavish all my little store,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,
And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play;
To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay;
Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
And teach our children the remembrance dear,
When we our shearing-feast, or harvest keep,
To speed the plough, and bless our thriving sheep.
While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,
While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew,
While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

JOHN GAY.

(1688–1732.)

CXXII. MONDAY; OR, THE SQUABBLE.

The Shepherd's Week, in Six Pastorals, first appeared in 1714. It was undertaken at Pope's request as a burlesque on the comparative realism of Philips' pastorals, but Gay's love of the country and knowledge of country life prevented him from making it all burlesque. See the Introduction. Gay's poems have been edited by Mr. Underhill in the *Muses' Library*.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

Lobbin Clout.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No throstles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear[1]?

Cuddy.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is guess'd,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest:
If swains belie not, thou hast proved the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree:
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lobbin Clout.

Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fallen calf;
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

Cuddy.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithesome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.

[1] *rear*, early.

Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I 'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lobbin Clout.

See this tobacco pouch, that 's lined with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that 's tied with tape of reddest hue,
I 'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

Cuddy.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lobbin Clout.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup, that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind 's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marigold, or king-cup rare.

Cuddy.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,

The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, not kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lobbin Clout.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 't is winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she 's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cuddy.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Even noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

Lobbin Clout.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
She wiped her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to say
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cuddy.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroked her milky care,

I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 't is true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

Lobbin Clout.

Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen butter 's dear,
Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoes prize.

Cuddy.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Lobbin Clout.

As once I play'd at Blindman's buff it happ'd
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapp'd.
I miss'd the swains, and seized on Blouzelind;
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind"

Cuddy.

As at Hot-cockles[1] once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

[1] *Hot-cockles*, a rustic game, something like Kiss-in-the-ring.

Lobbin Clout.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung,
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

Cuddy.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself poised against the tottering maid.
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

Lobbin Clout.

This riddle,[1] Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
What flower is that which bears the virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same?

Cuddy.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I 'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the virgin, and 't is strown on graves?

Cloddipole.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They 're weary of your songs—and so am I.

[1] The answers to these riddles are *Marigold* and *Rosemary*.

CXXIII. THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL

A curiously Anglicized version of Theocritus' Second Idyll.

Hobnelia.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

"I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he happ'd to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
'This hemp-seed with my virgin hands I sow,
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow'.
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do);
Thee first I spied; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L;
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

'Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanced to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surprised the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass:
'Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.'
He leaves my hand; see, to the West he 's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground;
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"This pippin shall another trial make,
See, from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh, were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"As I was wont, I trudged last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay
I made my market long before 't was night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.

Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I 'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia 's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he 'll give me a green gown[1].
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!"

ALLAN RAMSAY.

(1686–1758.)

CXXIV. PATIE AND ROGER.

The opening scene of *The Gentle Shepherd, a Pastoral Comedy* (1725). Ramsay's poems were edited by Chalmers in 1800, and a volume of Selections was made by Mr. J. Logie Robertson in 1887.

BENEATH the south side of a craigy bield[2],
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans[3] lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

[1] *a green gown*, a tumble on the grass.
[2] *bield* shelter. [3] *gowans*, daisies.

Patie.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave[1] I'm cauld,
But she gars[2] a' my spirits glow,
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It maks me blyth and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

[1] *the lave*, the rest. [2] *gar*, make.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld
With innocence, the wale[1] of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

Patie.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is 't to see the rising plants!
To hear the birds chirm[2] o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is 't to snuff the cauler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-seasoned pain.

Roger.

I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw[3] the rowan[4] flood,
Corbies[5] and tods[6] to grein[7] for lambkin's blood;
But I, oppressed wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie.

The bees shall loathe the flower, and quit the hive,
The saughs[8] on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger.

Sae might I say; but it 's no easy done
By ane whase saul 's sae sadly out of tune,

[1] *the wale*, the best.
[2] *chirm*, chirp.
[3] *jaw*, beat into waves.
[4] *rowan*, rolling.
[5] *corbies*, ravens.
[6] *tods*, foxes.
[7] *grein*, long.
[8] *saughs*, willows.

You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young
If I but ettle[1] at a sang, or speak,
They dit[2] their lugs[3], syne up their leglens[4] cleek[5];
And jeer me hameward frae the lone[6] or bught[7],
While I'm confused with mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have, I 'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie.

But aiblins[8], nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downie eithly wi' your cunzie[9] part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that 's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie.

Were your bein[10] rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less you wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fashes[11] fouk to keep.

[1] *ettle*, aim.
[2] *dit*, stop up.
[3] *lugs*, ears.
[4] *leglens*, milking-pails.
[5] *cleek up*, catch up.
[6] *lone*, milking-common.
[7] *bught*, milking-fold.
[8] *aiblins*, perhaps.
[9] *cunzie*, coin.
[10] *bein*, comfortable.
[11] *fashes*, troubles.

Roger.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole[1] the pangs of mony a loss!
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty[2] wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan[3] drowth to quench,
Till, brised beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Patie.

Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute[4]
At the West-Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with ivory virls[5] round;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound;
I 'll be mair canty[6] wi 't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowie[7] fool!

Roger.

Na, Patie, na! I 'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie.

Now, to a friend, how silly 's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, and dorty[8] Jenny's pride:
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

[1] *thole*, endure.
[2] *paughty*, proud.
[3] *lowan*, flaming.
[4] *clute*, hoof.
[5] *virls*, ferrules.
[6] *canty*, cheerful.
[7] *dowie*, melancholy.
[8] *dorty*, conceited.

Roger.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd owre true,
And there is naething I 'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint[1].
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombazed, and unco blate[2].
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe[3],
She fled as frae a shelly-coated[4] cow:
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks[5] at me, and says I smell of tar.

Patie.

But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

Roger.

I wish I cou'dna loe her—but, in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrife[6] scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite,)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight:
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I 'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

[1] *mint*, endeavour. [2] *blate*, bashful. [3] *knowe*, hillock.
[4] *shelly-coated*, bewitched: a 'shelly-coat' is a goblin.
[5] *gecks*, gibes. [6] *cauldrife*, spiritless.

Patie.

E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit[1] chuck?
Yonder 's a craig; since ye have tint all houp,
Gae till 't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Roger.

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I 'll warrant death come soon eneugh a-will.

Patie.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there 's my hand ye 'll win the day.
Hear how I served my lass I loe as weel
As you do Jenny, and my heart as leal:
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist:
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony[2] snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks[3] hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And oh! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was in bustine[4] waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome, I cried, "My bonnie Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye 're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye 're gawn to gather dew":

[1] *thrawn-gabbit*, wry-mouthed.
[2] *cockernony*, back-hair
[3] *haffet-locks*, side locks.
[4] *bustine*, fustian.

She scoured awa, and said, "What 's that to you?"
"Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en 's ye like,"
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back;
Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff [1] ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she: then with great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet [2] wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But well I kenn'd she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she 'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she 'll gang clean wood.

Sings.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight;
But them despise who 're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse; then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,

[1] *waff*, wandering. [2] *flet*, chided.

Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 't is too late.

Roger.

Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye 're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane: for now, as clean 's a leek,
Ye 've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I 'll make you a propine[1],
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo[2],
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
With spraings[3] like gowd and siller cross'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are you wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my ravell'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie.

Well, ha'd ye there—and since ye 've frankly made
A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute 's be yours; and she too that 's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye 'll take my advice.

Roger.

As ye advise, I 'll promise to observe 't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserve 't.

[1] *propine*, present.
[2] *hawslock woo*, the wool that grows on a sheep's neck.
[3] *spraings*, stripes.

Now tak it out, and gie 's a bonny spring;
For I 'm in tift[1] to hear you play and sing.

Patie.

But first we 'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right;
By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I 'll whistle fine, and sing t' ye like mysell.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

(1714–1763.)

CXXV. HOPE.

From *A Pastoral Ballad* (1743). Johnson suggests that the stanza was borrowed from Rowe's *Despairing Shepherd.*

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow,
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;

[1] *tift* humour.

Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair:
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 't was a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young:
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

JOHN CLARE.

(1793–1864.)

CXXVI. THE RIVALS.

The opening of *The Rivals, a Pastoral.*

BENEATH a meadow bridge, whose arch was dry,
Some swains sought shelter till a shower was by.
Upon its smooth half-circling roof of stone
Rude figured things in different colours shone,
Spread hands and birds, and self-imagined flowers,
Pastimes of boys imprison'd there by showers;
Some made with ruddle, which the shepherd swain
Employs, that he may know his sheep again,
Others with fire-sticks, chance would haply find
About the spots, by gypsies left behind;
And many a deeply-cut two-letter name,
Where knives were spoilt to win an inch of fame,
Which linger on for years about the spot,
Brands of oblivion, living yet forgot.
Here the swains shelter'd till the storm was o'er,
Sitting on stones roll'd in for seats before:
Some spent the hour in leisure's pleasant toil,
Making their apple-scoops of bone the while;
One crimp'd a knitting-sheath upon his knees,
To please a maiden whom he wish'd to please;
An older swain did his wet hours employ
In making whistles for an anxious boy,
Who sat in eager watchings by his side,
Waiting their finish with exulting pride;
While two young swains in love's discoursings fell,
Lapping up love-knot plaits, and many a spell,
With broad green reed-blades, where the shelter'd midge
Danced in their shadows by the mossy bridge.

The swallows, darting through the arch at play,
Heard the rude noise, and popp'd another way.

Richard.

My love forgets me never; every spell
Links as I lap it, and betokens well.
When I was young, and went a-weeding wheat,
We used to make them on our dinner seat:
We laid two blades across, and lapp'd them round,
Thinking of those we loved; and if we found
Them linked together when unlapp'd again,
Our loves were true; if not, the wish was vain:
I 've heard old women, who first told it me,
Vow that a truer token could not be.

Simon.

Three times I 've lapp'd mine up, and still 't is out;
A fatal number, had I cause to doubt;
But Mary Fieldflower still is fond and free,
And shows no token to dishearten me:
I care not what this foolish trifling tells,
For I can bring up better proofs than spells.

Richard.

Produce them, Simon; for if she be true
To lover's vows, she has no room for two.
Ne'er feast on fancy, 't is a dangerous food
To take as truth, and in a loving mood;
She throws a rosy veil round self-conceit,
Which, like the canker, to the heart will eat,
Till nought is left to cherish her disguise,
Then, like worm-eaten fruit, it drops and dies.
If I judge right, the maid you name is mine;
Nor without proofs will I the maid resign.

Simon.

These I can give in plenty; though, I own,
I never knew that she had kindness shown
To other shepherds than myself, till now,
Much less that she chain'd follies with a vow.
Last April fair, when I got bold with beer,—
I loved her long before, but had a fear
To speak—as by a stall she chanced to stand,
With kerchief full of fairings in her hand,
I ventured up, and tapp'd her on the arm:
She seem'd at first to startle with alarm;
But when I begg'd a fairing at the wake,
She loosed her kerchief, and pull'd out a cake,
And in return for her good-natured ways,
I offer'd ribbons which I heard her praise:
These she refused, and said she'd plenty got,
But thank'd me kindly, though she took them not.

Richard.

Whene'er at Sunday feast, or noisy fair,
I go, and meet with rosy Mary there,
If my dog finds her first he rubs her clothes,
And wags his tail; e'en she to him bestows
A ginger button, and quick turns again,
To wonder why I out of sight remain:
And when she finds me out, in manners free,
She comes unask'd to offer things to me;
Never refusing the returns I make,
But meanest trifles condescends to take.
Last Christmas' sports, I join'd the skating crew
That yearly race for hats with ribbons blue,
And flew away with young Hope's swiftest pace;
Nor was I cheated, for I won the race:

I took the bunch of ribbons home at night
To Mary, who e'en trembled with delight;
Nor once refused the proffer'd gift to take,
But said, "Well done! I'll keep it for your sake".

Simon.

Once we, with others, at a neighbour's met
To play at cards, when she beside me sat;
Although at first she edged her chair away,
She grew more fond as we began to play,
And soon as ever up my cards I took,
She smiled, and o'er my shoulder stole to look;
To make believe, in true Love's fondling way,
She wish'd to know what cards I had to play.
And when, to try her love, I made pretence
To leave off playing for the want of pence,
She from my lap took out the penny fee,
And put it 'neath the candlestick for me.
Although she would not take when we retired,
My arm, to guide her home, as I desired,
She often turn'd, as wishing I 'd pursue,
And said, Good night! and thank'd me kindly too.

Richard.

Last Michaelmas, at night, we join'd to play
A hand or two, and keep a holiday:
When we chose partners, not as love regards,
But by the fortunes of the lifted cards,
While Mary look'd at one she took in hand,
She smiled at me to make me understand;
Pointing the colour in her flowery dress,
I took the hint, and well knew which to guess.
"The colour'd card", said I, "my wishes seek,
Is something like the rose on Mary's cheek;

A bonny red for me."—She laugh'd outright,
And said, "Then I 'm your partner for the night".
Blushing, she edged her chair up close to mine,
Paying, with joy, her kiss for every fine.
When time came on us with the hour to part,
Although 't was late, she seem'd as loth to start;
And, though the full moon shone as bright as day,
She even ask'd me if I 'd lead the way,
And took my arm without the least to-do:
These are my proofs, and I have morts as true.

GEORGE DARLEY.

(1795-1846.)

CXXVII. THE PEASANTS' CHORUS.

Two songs from *Sylvia, or the May Queen* (1827).

O MAY, thou art a merry time,
Sing hi! the hawthorn pink and pale!
When hedge-pipes they begin to chime,
And summer-flowers to sow the dale.

When lasses and their lovers meet
Beneath the early village-thorn,
And to the sound of tabor sweet
Bid welcome to the Maying-morn!
O May, thou art, &c.

When grey-beards and their gossips come
With crutch in hand our sports to see,
And both go tottering, tattling home,
Topful of wine as well as glee!
O May, thou art, &c.

But youth was aye the time for bliss,
So taste it, shepherds! while ye may:
For who can tell that joy like this
Will come another holiday?
O May, &c.

CXXVIII. OSME'S SONG.

HITHER! hither!
O come hither!
Lads and lasses come and see!
Trip it neatly,
Foot it featly,
O'er the grassy turf to me!

Here are bowers
Hung with flowers,
Richly curtain'd halls for you!
Meads for rovers,
Shades for lovers,
Violet beds, and pillows too!

Purple heather
You may gather
Sandal-deep in seas of bloom!
Pale-faced lily,
Proud sweet-Willy,
Gorgeous rose, and golden broom!

Odorous blossoms
For sweet bosoms,
Garlands green to bind the hair;
Crowns and kirtles
Weft of myrtles,
Youth may choose, and Beauty wear!

Brightsome glasses
For bright faces
Shine in every rill that flows;
Every minute
You look in it
Still more bright your beauty grows!

Banks for sleeping,
Nooks for peeping,
Glades for dancing, smooth and fine!
Fruits delicious
For who wishes,
Nectar, dew, and honey-wine!

Hither! hither!
O come hither!
Lads and lasses come and see!
Trip it neatly,
Foot it featly,
O'er the grassy turf to me.

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